

T H E
COMIC ROMANCE
O F
MONSIEUR SCARRON,

TRANSLATED BY
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. GRIFFIN, in CATHARINE
STREET, STRAND, 1775.

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T H E

COMIC ROMANCE.

C H A P. I.

*Ragotin's panic fear attended with disaster ;
the adventure of the dead body ; another
quarrel ; and some surprizing accidents
worthy a place in this authentic history.*

LEANDER, as I said before, was looking out at the window towards the place from whence his man was to come, when, turning his head on the other side, he saw little Ragotin, just arriving, booted up to the waist, mounted on a little mule, and accompanied by Rancour and Olive, holding his stirrups ; one on each side, like those footmen who walk by the side of a city marshal's horse on a lord mayor's day. They had

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B

learned

learned from town to town which way Destiny went ; and, by often enquiring, here found him at last. Destiny went down to meet them, and carried them up into his chamber. They did not at first know young Leander ; his looks, it seems, being changed with his cloaths ; yet, lest they should find out who he was, Destiny ordered him to go down and see that supper was got ready, with the same authority with which he used to speak to him ; and because the strollers by that began to know him again, and wondered at his gentleman-like appearance, Destiny told them, that an uncle of his in the Lower Mayne had equipped him from head to foot, just as they saw him ; and had given him money besides, to make him quit the stage ; which he, nevertheless, had refused to do, and therefore came away from him without so much as taking his leave.

Destiny and the rest now asked one another for news, about what they all had been looking after ; but were not however, the wiser for their questions. Ragotin assured Destiny he had left the women in good health, though much afflicted by Angelica's elopement. At last, night being come, they went to supper ;

supper; the new comers drank hard, and the rest like sober men. Ragotin began to be merry, challenged every body to drink, broke many a silly jest, and sung in spite of the company: but nobody caring to second him, and the hostess's brother-in-law having learnedly represented, that it did not look decent for them to make a debauch so near the corpse, Ragotin made less noise, but drank a great deal more wine. They afterwards went to bed; Destiny and Leander in the room they had already taken; and Ragotin, Rancour, and Olive in a little room next the kitchen, by the chamber where lay the corpse. The hostess took up her quarters in an upper room, near that of Destiny and Leander, both to avoid the ghastly sight of a dead husband, and to receive the consolatory visits of her friends, who came to her in great numbers; for she was one of the most wealthy women of the village, and as much beloved by every body, as her husband was hated.

All things were now profoundly silent in the inn; the dogs were asleep; at least they did not bark; and all the other animals slept likewise, or ought to have so done. This tranquility lasted till

between two and three o'clock in the morning, when, all-on a sudden, Ragotin cried out as loud as he could bawl, that Rancour was dead. Thus at once he awakened Olive, roused Destiny and Leander, and got them to come down into the kitchen in order to weep, or at least to see Rancour, who, he said, had just suddenly expired by his side. Destiny and Leander followed him; and the first thing they saw as they entered the room, was Rancour walking up and down like a man in good health, which, you know, is not always practicable immediately after death. Ragotin, who went in first, no sooner saw him, but he flew back as if in danger of treading on a serpent or stepping off a precipice; gave a horrid shriek, turned as pale as death, and knocked his head so fiercely against Destiny's and Leander's, as he flew out of the room, that he was like to have thrown them to the ground, in making his escape to a garden that belonged to the inn. Destiny and Leander asked Rancour the particulars of his death; to which he answered, that he could not give so good an account of it as Ragotin, whom he believed to be a little crack brained. In the mean time, while Olive was

was

was splitting his sides with laughing, and Rancour stood speechless and unconcerned, as he used to do upon such occasions, and neither of them would discover what they knew of the matter, Leander made after Ragotin, whom he found lurking behind a tree, and trembling more with fear than cold, though he was only in his shirt. His fancy was so full of dead Rancour, that he presently took Leander for his ghost; and was going to run away as he advanced towards him. Next arrived Destiny, whom he took for another ghost; and both asking him several questions, without obtaining any manner of answer, they, at last, took him under the arms, in order to carry him back to his chamber; but as they were stepping out of the garden, and Rancour advancing to come into it, Ragotin disengaged himself from those that held him, and looking behind with wild staring eyes, thrust himself into a thicket of rose bushes; where he was entangled from head to foot, and not able to get out time enough to avoid the encounter of Rancour, who called him mad-man a thousand times, and told him he must be shut up. They all three pulled him out of the rose-bushes; Rancour gave him a

found slap on the breech, to let him feel he was not dead, and at last our frightened little man was carried back to his room, and put to bed again. But he scarce was got into it, when a great noise of female voices, which they heard in the next room, put them to a stand to know what was the matter. These were not the complaints of one afflicted woman alone, but the hideous cries of several together, as when they are in a fright. Destiny went into the room, where he found four or five women with the hostess, who were looking under the beds, and in the chimney, and were terribly frightened. He asked them what the matter was? when the hostess, half crying, half speaking, told him, she did not know what was become of her poor husband's corpse. She had scarce uttered these words before she began to howl; and all the other women, as if it had been a howling concert, answering her in a chorus, made so great and lamentable a noise, that every body in the inn went into that room, and all the neighbours and goers-by came into the inn.

In the mean time an arch pilferer of a cat, seized upon a pidgeon, which an unwary maid had left half larded on the
kitchen

Kitchen-dresser, and retiring with her prey into Ragotin's chamber, hid herself under the bed where he lay with Rancour. The maid followed pufs, with a faggot-stick in her hand, and looking under the bed to know what was become of her pidgeon, cried out as loud as she could, that she had found her master ; which she repeated so often, that the hostess and the rest of the women came to her. The maid fell about her mistress's neck, and told her she had found her master, with such a transport of joy, that the poor widow was afraid her husband was come to life again, for they took notice that she immediately turned as pale as a malefactor upon receiving his sentence. At last the maid bid them look under the bed, where they espied the corpse they had been so much in pain about. Although it was very heavy, the greatest difficulty was not to get it from thence, but to know who had put it there ; however, they carried it into its chamber again, where they began to dress it for burial. The players withdrew up stairs to Destiny's room, who all this while did not know what to make of these strange accidents. As for Leander, his head ran upon nothing but his dear Angelica;

which made him as fullen and pensive, as Ragotin was sorry that Rancour was not dead; by whose raillery he was so mortified, that he had not a word to say, contrary to his custom of talking continually, and intruding upon all conversations, right or wrong. Rancour and Olive were so little surprized, both at Ragotin's panic terror, and the transmigration of a dead corpse from one room to another without any human assistance, at least that any body knew of, that Destiny began to suspect they had no small share in the prodigy.

In the mean time while they were debating the case in the kitchen, in order to know the truth of the matter, a ploughman, who just then came from the field to eat his dinner, hearing one of the maids relate in a great fright, that her master's corpse had got up of itself and walked, told her, that as he went through the kitchen by break of day, he saw two men in their shirts, who carried it on their shoulders into the room where it was found. The brother of the deceased hearing what the fellow had said, and highly resenting so ludicrous an action, the widow and her friends were presently made acquainted with it; all were very
much

much offended at it, and with one voice concluded, that those men must certainly be forcerers, and that they designed to do some wicked thing or other with the corpse.

Whilst they were passing this rash judgment upon them Rancour happened to come into the kitchen, to bid them carry up something for breakfast into the stroller's chamber, the brother of the deceased asked him, why he had carried his brother's body into his room? But Rancour was so far from returning an answer, that he did not so much as exchange a look with him; on which the widow repeated her brother's question; and receiving only the like silent contempt for an answer, flew in Rancour's face as furiously as a lioness bereft of her whelps; her brother-in-law gave him a cuff; the hostess's friend did not spare him; and the maids put in for their share, as did also the men. But a single man could not afford room for so many strikers, who rather hindered one another; Rancour alone against so many, and by consequence so many against him, was not daunted at the number of his enemies; and, therefore making a virtue of necessity, he began to use all that strength and activity

which God Almighty had put into his hands, and left the rest to fortune. Never was an unequal fight so obstinately maintained; for Rancour preserving his judgment amidst the greatest dangers, made use of his policy as well as strength, dealt his blows with prudence, and improved them to the best advantage. He gave many a box which, not falling full upon the first cheek it met, glanced upon a second, and sometimes a third, because he generally whirled about when he was going to strike; so that with one single blow, he often extracted three different sounds, out of three different pair of chops. At the noise of the combatants, Olive came down into the kitchen, and had scarce time to discern his comrade amidst all those that belaboured him, but he felt himself more fiercely attacked even than Rancour, whose valour and vigorous resistance now began to strike his foes with terror; therefore two or three of those whom Rancour had beat most, fell foul upon Olive to obtain their revenge. The noise increased, and at the same time the hostess received such a blow on her little pigs-nyes, that she saw a hundred thousand lights at the same time, (this is a certain number for an

uncertain one) and was intirely disabled. She howled and roared more horribly, and perhaps more heartily than she had done at her husband's death. Her howling brought all the neighbours to her house, and Destiny and Leander into the kitchen. Though these last came with a spirit of peace, yet they presently had war made upon them, without saying why or wherefore; and as they did not want cuffs and blows, neither were they so uncivil as to suffer those to want, who had been so bountiful as to give them with such freedom. The hostess, her friends, and her maids cried out thieves, and were now only bare spectators of the fight; some with eyes black and blue, others with bloody noses, some with broken chops; and all of them with head-dresses, gowns, shifts, shirts, coats, hats and wigs torn to pieces. The neighbours espoused the quarrel of the hostess against those she called thieves; and it would require a better pen than mine to describe the noble blows that were afterwards given and received on both sides. At last animosity and fury had so possessed their breasts, that they began to seize on the spits, and all other moveables that one might fling at another's head; when

the curate coming accidentally into the kitchen, endeavoured to procure peace. To speak the truth, although they all had a mighty respect for his character, yet would he, in all probability, have had much ado to have parted the combatants, if weariness had not inclined them to hearken to advice.

Thus, though all acts of hostility ceased on both sides, yet the noise continued as before; for every one endeavoured to be heard first; the women especially before the men; whereupon the poor good man was fain to stop his ears, and run to the door for relief. This having silenced the most vociferous, he faced about, entered the field of battle, and commanded the inn-keeper's brother to speak. He first of all complained of the dead corpse being carried from one room to another, and exaggerated the enormity of the fact. Rancour and Olive pleaded guilty to the indictment, but protested withal, that they had not done this with any ill intent, and only to fright one of their comrades, as they really did. The curate blamed them very much for it, and shewed them the ill consequence of such an action, which was carrying a jest too far. However, being a man of parts, and of great interest

interest among his parishioners, he found no difficulty in adjusting the quarrel; and so all parted upon even terms. But wild discord with her hissing snakes instead of hair, had not yet completed the mischief she designed to do in that house; for there was heard in the upper room such roaring, as little differs from that of a hog when he is going to be stuck; and yet he who roared at this rate was no other than Ragotin. The curate, the strollers, and several others running up to him, found him sunk up to the ears in a great wooden-chest, where the hostess kept her linnen; and, what was yet more grievous to the poor entrapped Ragotin, the lid of the trunk, which was thick and heavy, had fallen upon his legs, and squeezed them so, that it grieved one's heart to see it. A lusty chamber-maid, who stood by when they entered the room, and looked very much concerned, was suspected of having put the little man into so ill a place. This was the truth of the business; and she was so proud of what she had done, that whilst she was making one of the beds, she did not vouchsafe to mind how they could get Ragotin out of the trunk, nor so much as answer those who asked her the occasion

sion of the noise they heard. In the mean time the little man got out of the trap, and had no sooner the use of his feet but he ran to his sword. They hindered him from laying hold on cold iron, but could not keep him from closing with the tall maid, whom he could not prevent giving him such a fierce blow on the pate, that all the vast seat of his narrow reason was shaken by it. This made him start three steps backwards; but it had been but a spring towards a leap, had not Olive held him by the breeches as he was going to shoot like a serpent against his dreadful adversary. The effort he made (though to no purpose) was so violent, that the waistband of his breeches was broken by it; and thereby the peace of our company re-established in unanimous laughter. The curate forgot his gravity, and the innkeeper's brother his affliction. Ragotin alone was not disposed to merriment; and therefore turned his anger against Olive; who being offended at it, trussed him up, and carried him (brandishing his legs) to the bed which the maid was making; where, with the strength of a Hercules, he pulled down his breeches (the waistband already being broken) and then lifting up his hands, and letting them.

them fall quick and amain on his thighs and places adjacent, in the twinkling of an eye, made them look as red as scarlet. Bold Ragotin flung himself with great courage from the bed on the ground: but this venturous action was not attended with the success it deserved; his foot got into a chamber-pot, which to his great misfortune had been left by the bed-side, and went in so deep, that not being able to get it out by the help of the other foot, he durst not step from the bed-side where he was, for fear of making more sport for the company, and bringing their raillery upon him, which he bore more impatiently than any other man could. Every body wondered to see him so quiet, after so great an emotion: Rancour suspected there was something more than ordinary in the matter, and therefore having caused him to come out from the bed-side, half willing, half not; all the company then perceived his confinement, and nobody could forbear laughing at the pewter-foot he had made for himself. However, we shall leave him treading the metal with pride and contempt, that we may go and welcome a new company which came at the same time to the inn.

C H A P.

C H A P. II.

The History of Ragotin's Foot.

HAD Ragotin by his own strength, and without the help of his friends, been able to take his foot from the chamber-pot, his anger would have lasted at least all the remainder of the day: but he was obliged to abate somewhat of his natural pride, and be submissive; humbly beseeching Destiny and Rancour to procure the liberty of his foot, right or left, I know not which, for it never came to my knowledge. He did not address himself to Olive, from what had passed betwixt them: nevertheless, Olive came to his aid, without entreaty, and both his companions and he used their endeavours to release him. The repeated efforts Ragotin had made to get his foot free, had caused it to swell, and those which Destiny and Olive used, swelled it yet a great deal more. Rancour put his hand to it first of all, but so awkwardly, or rather maliciously, that Ragotin thought he had a mind to make him lame for ever. He desired him very earnestly to let it alone, as also his comrades, and so

I

laid

laid himself down upon a bed, till the smith they had sent for, could come to file the pot off his foot. The remaining part of the day passed pretty quietly in the inn, though somewhat melancholy betwixt Destiny and Leander, the one being very much in pain about his man, who did not come to bring him news of his mistress, according to promise; the other not finding in his heart to be merry without his Stella; besides, he was concerned at the rape of Angelica, and pitied poor Leander, in whose face he saw all the marks of deep affliction. Rancour and Olive soon made a match with some of the inhabitants of the village, who were at bowls; and Ragotin, the operation on his foot being over, composed himself to rest. But whether he was really sleepy, or ashamed to appear in public after this unlucky adventure, I will not pretend to declare. The corpse of the inn-keeper was carried to his long home; and the hostess, notwithstanding the pious thoughts her husband's death ought to have suggested, exacted soon after upon two English men, who were going to Paris, with as much barbarity as if she had been the keeper of a Dutch tavern.

The

The sun was just set, when Destiny and Leander, who could not stir from the window, began to spy a coach with four horses, attended by three men on horseback, and four footmen. Soon after, the maid came to desire them to resign their chamber to the new company; whereupon Ragotin was obliged to shew himself, although he had a mind to keep his apartment, yet he was forced to follow Destiny and Leander into that, where the day before he fancied he had seen Rancour die. Destiny was known in the kitchen by one of the gentlemen in the coach, who was the same counsellor of the parliament of Rennes, with whom he got acquainted at the wedding, so fatal to poor Cave. This senator, enquired of Destiny after Angelica, and expressed a concern that she was not found. His name was la Garouffiere, a man of wit, and one who did not think himself a country wit neither; for in fact, he generally came to Paris to spend a sum of money in the public houses, and put on black when the court went into mourning. This being duly verified and recorded, ought to be as good as a patent, if not of nobility, at least of gentility; besides, he was a wit for the same reason that
most

most people pretend to have their share in amusements, as well those that have skill in them, as proud, brutish, and ignorant coxcombs, who pass their rash censures both upon verse and prose, though at the same time they think it a dishonour to write well, and would, upon occasion, reproach a man as much for making books as for coining. However, strollers are the better for these pretenders, and are the more caressed in all the towns in which they act; for being the parrots of the poet, and some among them who have wit, writing sometimes plays, either out of their own stock, or borrow from others, people are in a manner ambitious of knowing them, and of being in their company. In our days the world has done justice to their profession, and shewed a greater esteem for them than formerly; and, to speak the truth, plays in themselves are a most innocent diversion, and may be as instructive as entertaining. They are, now a-days, at least at Paris, purged from their former licentiousness; and it were to be wished, the play-houses were as well cleared of pick-pockets, pages, footmen, whores, orange-wenchs, and such other vermin, who haunt those places rather

rather to exercise their professions, than to hear the wit of the poet. But let us end this digression. Monsieur la Garouffiere was overjoyed to find Destiny in the inn, and made him promise to sup with the company of the coach, which consisted of the bridegroom of Mans, his bride, whom he was carrying to her own country Laval, the bridegroom's mother, a gentleman of that province, an advocate of the council, and monsieur la Garouffiere, all related to one another, and whom Destiny saw at the wedding where Angelica was stolen away. Add to all these I have named, a chambermaid, or waiting-woman, and you may find that the coach was pretty well crammed; not to mention that madam Bouvillon (for so was the bridegroom's mother called) was one of the largest women in France, though perhaps the shortest; for I am credibly informed, that one year with another, she carried thirty stone of flesh, besides some other heavy and solid matters which enter the composition of a human body. By this description you will easily believe she was very juicy, as all short women generally are. Supper was served up, Destiny appeared at table with that good mein which was inseparable

able from him, and which at that time was not in the least lessened by dirty linnen, Leander having furnished him with a clean shirt and a cravat. He spoke but little, according to his custom; yet had he talked as much as the rest, who all did it very much, he would not, perhaps, have said so many impertinent things as they. La Garouffiere helped him to a bit of every thing that was good on the table. Madam Bouvillon did the same in emulation of la Garouffiere, and with so little consideration, that in one moment all the dishes were empty, and Destiny's plate so full of wings and legs of fowls, that I have often wondered since, how they could raise by chance such a pyramid of meat, on so narrow a basis as the bottom of a plate. La Garouffiere did not mind what he did, so very busy was he about talking poetry to Destiny, to bespeak his good opinion of his own wit; madam Bouvillon, who had also a project in her head, continued her good offices to the player, and finding no more pullets to carve, was reduced to help him to some swinging slices of a leg of mutton. He was at a loss what to do with them, and was looking for a place where to put two slices he
had

had in both his hands, when the country gentleman, who was unwilling to hold his tongue to the prejudice of his stomach, asked Destiny with a smile, whether he could eat all the meat he had upon his plate? Destiny cast his eyes upon it, and was not a little surprized to see, almost level with his chin, an heap of carved pullets with which la Garouffiere and Bouvillon had erected a trophy to his merit. He blushed, and could not forbear laughing; Bouvillon was put out of countenance, la Garouffiere laughed heartily, and put all the company in so good a humour, that they broke out into a laughter for four or five several times successively. The servants began where their masters left off, and laughed in their turns; which the bride found so comical, that breaking into immoderate laughter as she was going to drink, she spouted the greatest part of the wine which was in her glass in her mother-in-law's face, and distributed the rest either on the table, or the cloaths of those that sat next her. They all began to laugh again, except Bouvillon, who coloured at it, and cast an angry look upon her poor daughter-in-law, which palled their joy a little. At last they made an end
of

of laughing, because it is not possible to laugh always: madame Bouvillon and her son wiped off the wine which trickled down their eyes and cheeks, and the young bride asked their pardons, having still much ado to forbear laughing. Destiny laid his plate on the middle of the table, and every one took his own share out of it. They talked of nothing else during the supper, and raillery good or bad was carried on to a high pitch, though the serious air which madame Bouvillon put on preposterously, did, in some measure, disturb the mirth of the company. As soon as supper was over, and the cloth taken away, the ladies retired to their chamber, the advocate and the country squire called for cards, and went to piquete; la Garouffiere and Destiny, who were none of those that know not what to do when they do not play, had a very ingenious conversation together, and perhaps the best that ever was held at an inn of Lower Mayne. La Garouffiere discoursed with design, on all he thought most remote from the knowledge of a player, whose wit and judgment have generally narrower limits than his memory; but Destiny talked of every thing like a man of great skill, and
who

who understood the world. Among the rest, with all the nicety of discernment imaginable, he distinguished those women who have a great deal of wit, and never use it but upon occasion, from those who use it only to be thought witty; likewise those women who endeavour to imitate silly buffoons, that can laugh at, and even make themselves licentious allusions and paltry equivocations; in a word, that set up for being the jesters of their parish, from those who make up the most lovely and agreeable part of the beau-monde, and are the choicest company. He spoke also of those women who write as well as those men that make it their profession, and who do not publish the productions of their brain, merely out of a principle of modesty. La Garouffiere, who was an accomplished gentleman, and knew how to discern a man of nice breeding, wondered how a stroller could be so well acquainted with true politeness and civil conversation. Whilst he admires him within himself, and the advocate and gentleman, who by this time had given over playing, upon a dispute about a faced card, yawned and gaped frequently, which probably might proceed from an inclination to sleep; three

three beds were got ready for them in the chamber where they had supped, and Destiny retired to that of his companions, where he lay with Leander.

C H A P. III.

Another Disaster which befell Ragotin.

RANCOUR and Ragotin lay in the same bed; as for Olive, he spent part of the night in stitching up and darning his cloaths, which had been torn in several places while he grappled with the passionate Ragotin. Those who were particularly acquainted with Ragotin, took notice, that when he scuffled with any body, which he did frequently, he ever tore or unfitted the cloaths of his adversary, either totally, or in part. This was his surest stroke; and whoever was to fight a pitched battle with him, might have barred tearing of cloaths, as people are wont to do pushing at the face in fencing. Rancour asked him as they were going to bed, if he was well, for he thought he looked very ill; to which Ragotin answered, he never was better in his life. It was not long ere they fell

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asleep; and Ragotin may thank the respect which Rancour had for the honourable company that were come to the inn, whose repose he cared not to disturb; otherwise the little man had had but a sorry night of it. In the mean time Olive was busy about his cloaths, and having put them in good repair, took Ragotin's also; and, with the dexterity of a nice botcher, made both the waistcoat and breeches straiter, and then laid them again in their places. Now having passed the greatest part of the night in sowing and unsowing, he went to bed with Ragotin and Rancour. They got up betimes, as is usual in all inns, where the noise begins with the day. Rancour told Ragotin again that he looked very ill; Olive told him the same, so that he began to believe them; and finding at the same time his cloaths above four inches too strait, he did not question but that he was swoln so much during the time he had been asleep, and was not a little frightened at so sudden a change. Rancour and Olive still continued to remind him how ill he looked, and Destiny and Leander, whom they had acquainted with the plot, told him likewise he was strangely altered. Poor Ragotin was very
much

much concerned and wept at it : Destiny could not forbear smiling, which made the little man very angry. He went into the kitchen, where every body told him of his ill looks ; the like did the company that belonged to the coach, who having a great way to go, were in like manner up betimes. They invited the strollers to breakfast, and all drank the sick man's health ; who, instead of thanking them, went out grumbling, and in a melancholly mood repaired to the surgeon of the town, to whom he gave an account of his swelling. The surgeon made a long descant upon the cause and effect of his disease, of which he understood, however, as much as of Algebra ; and for above a quarter of an hour entertained him with the obscure terms of his art, to as little purpose, as if he had discoursed about Prester John. Ragotin at length grew impatient, and asked him, swearing to admiration for a little man, whether he had nothing else to say. The surgeon would have gone on with his reasoning, but Ragotin threatened to beat him, and had certainly done it, had not the operator humbled himself before his angry patient, from whom he drew twelve ounces of blood, and cupped him on the shoulders

at a venture. The operation was just over when Leander came to tell Ragotin that, if he would promise him not to be angry, he would acquaint him with a piece of roguery that had been contrived against him. He promised more than Leander could desire; and swore, as he hoped to be saved, that he would be as good as his word. Leander told him he desired to have witness of his oath, and therefore carrying him back to the inn, he there, in the presence of all, both masters and servants, made him swear a new, and after told him somebody had made his cloaths straiter than they were. At first Ragotin reddened for shame, and then turning pale with anger and indignation, was about to break his dreadful and solemn oath, when seven or eight persons at once began to preach to him with such vehemence, that though he swore like a madman, yet he could not be heard. At length he ceased to bluster; but the company did not cease to advise him. At last, however, he came off better than could have been expected; for falling a singing as loud as ever he could, what songs came first into his head, he changed the noise of confused voices into repeated peals of laughter, which from

the masters were echoed by the servants, and so passed from the place of action, to all other places in the inn, whither different businesses had called different persons. Whilst the noise of so many people's laughing diminishes by degrees, and is lost in the air, somewhat like the sound of distant echoes, the faithful chronologer shall make an end of this present chapter, under the gracious favour of the reader, whether courteous or uncourteous, or such as nature has made him.

C H A P. IV.

How madame Bouvillon could not resist temptation; and how she got a bump on her forehead.

THE coach that was to go a great journey the next morning, was ready early for that purpose; the seven that were to go in it, crowded together as close as possible. At the time appointed it went off, but had not gone above ten yards before the axle-tree broke. This made the coachman curse his misfortune, and the passengers curse him, as

if he could have warranted the strength of his axle-tree. Now were his people to be drawn forth one by one, and obliged to return to the inn from whence they came; but this did not vex them so much as when they heard that there was no coach-maker to be met with nearer than a large town three leagues off. Thus they immediately called a council, but came to no resolutions, plainly perceiving their caravan was not likely to be fitted for action till the next day. Madame Bouvillon, who had preserved to herself a great authority over her son, as the whole estate of the family came by her, commanded him in the mean time to take one of the servant's horses, and mount his wife on another, and so go visit an old uncle of hers, who was then curate of the same town from whence this coach-mender was to come. The lord of that town was likewise a relation to the counsellor, and moreover an acquaintance of the advocate, and therefore they also resolved to take a strole to the same place, and on the same account. For this end their landlady was to furnish them with horses, which she did, though at a very great rate. Madame Bouvillon being thus left alone, either because she was tired,

or

or feigned to be so, or that no horse was able to carry her weight, sent her servant to Destiny to desire him to come and dine with her; and, whilst dinner was getting ready, spent her time in dressing. First she curled and powdered, then put on a laced apron and nightrail, and afterwards took to pieces a *point de Venise* cravat of her son's to make her a commode. After this she opened her daughter-in-law's trunk, and took thence her wedding-gown and put it on. In a word, thus tricked up and adorned, she looked like a Venus, tho' somewhat of the fattest. Now, notwithstanding all these preparations of hers, Destiny had, no doubt, much rather have dined with his companions; but then how could he have obeyed the commands of his admirer madame Bouvillon? He therefore not knowing how to get free, was forced to comply; but was not a little surprized, when he saw his paramour so youthfully dressed. She received him with a smiling countenance, took him by the hands, and squeezed him after a manner that convinced him she meant something more than ordinary. He, for his part, was less solicitous of his invitation, than the occasion of it, and therefore often neglected eating,

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which

which gave her an opportunity to press him. He knew not what to say to her, being naturally no great talker; but this defect she plentifully supplied by never ceasing herself. She was but too ingenious to suffer any chasm in conversation for want of something to say. When a woman who talks much, meets with a man that says little and does not answer her, she always talks the more; for judging of her friend by herself, and perceiving that he has not reparteed to what she has advanced, she presently believes he has not been pleased with what was said last; and therefore, to mend the matter, proceeds to say something new. The only way that I can propose to deal with such women as these, is to talk as much, if not more than they; for thus, if they cannot be silenced, their voices may at least be drowned. As for the matchless Bouvillon, she was the most immoderate talker of nothing that ever was known; for she not only talked to herself while she was in private, but would answer herself likewise. The silent disposition of Destiny giving her an opportunity, she determined to divert him with some long story or other. The subject she chose to speak of, was the intrigues
of

of Laval, the town where she lived; but she never happened to blame any person or action, but she always took thence an occasion to commend herself; protesting at every stroke of satyr on her neighbour, that though she was guilty of many faults, yet in that particular she was innocent. Though Destiny was extremely mortified at the beginning of her discourse, and made her no answer, yet he afterwards found himself obliged, for quietness sake, to smile now and then, and sometimes to cry out, Oh! that's pleasant, oh! that's strange! both which he often spoke, though mostly *mal a propos*. As soon as Destiny had done eating, the table was cleared. Then madame Bouvillon clapping herself down at the feet of the bed, pulled him down by her, and her servant (letting the waiters of the inn go out first) leaving her likewise, drew the door after her, and shut it: this madame Bouvillon perceiving, and thinking that Destiny had also observed it, said to him, See this foolish jade has shut the door after her. To which he replied, If you please, madam, I'll open it. No, said she, stopping him, let it alone; but you know, continued she, when two persons are locked up together, as they have an opportunity

portunity to do what they please; people will judge of them as they please. It is not on such reputations as yours, madam, replied Destiny, for people to pass rash judgments. However, Sir, quoth Bouvillon, one cannot have too much caution against slander. Well, madam, replied Destiny, but people will not talk without grounds, and sure they can have none when they reflect upon the inequality of our conditions. Will you please therefore, madam, continued he, that I go open the door? By no means, Sir, quoth she, going to bolt it, and adding withal, for as long as people think it shut, it is better it was really so, that no body may come in upon us without our consent. Having said thus much, and performed the office of a friend for herself, she turned towards Destiny, giving him to understand by her large fiery cheeks, and little sparkling eyes, what sport she had a mind to be at. Then she proceeded to take off her handkerchief from her neck, and thereby discovered, to her lover at least, ten pound of exuberant breast; that is to say, near the third part of her bosom, the rest being distributed in two equal portions under her arm-pits. This ill intention of her's causing her to blush
(which

(which sometimes the most impudent will do) her neck was become as red as her face, and both together might be well taken at any distance for a scarlet riding-hood. All this made Destiny blush too, but it was with shame, when I'll give you leave to guess what might be the cause of madame Bouvillon's blushing. Then she began to complain, that she had something troubled her in her back, and therefore moving herself about in her harness, as if she had itched, begged of Destiny to thrust his hand down her stays to scratch her. This the youth immediately obeyed her in, trembling all the while; but whilst he was employed in pleasing her behind, she diverted herself with him before, handling his sides through his waistcoat, and asking him often, if he was not ticklish? Whilst these lovers were thus pleasing each other, Ragotin came to the door, and knocking and bawling like a madman, called out aloud to Destiny to open the door. This Destiny going to perform, drew his hand from Bouvillon's back; but offering to go between her and the table, as the shortest cut, he chanced to trip against a nail in the floor, which brought him down with his head against a bench after such a violent manner, that

he lay some time for dead. Madame Bouvillon in the mean time caught up her handkerchief, and having thrown it over her shoulders, made all the haste she could to open the door; which having done, and Ragotin pushing against it with all his force at the same time, gave the poor lady so cruel a blow on the face, that it almost flatted her nose, and also raised a bump on her forehead. This made her cry out, she was dead; which, though the little rascal heard, he nevertheless made no excuse for; but leaping and bounding about the room like a mad-man, bawled out, Angelica's found! Angelica's found! This he did the louder to provoke Destiny's anger, who was all this while calling for madame Bouvillon's maid to come and help her mistress, which she nevertheless could not possibly hear, by reason of the noise which Ragotin made. At length the servant came, and brought water and a clean napkin; when between her and Destiny there was quickly some small reparation made for the damage done by the door. But however great was Destiny's impatience to know what more news Ragotin had brought, he, notwithstanding, would not leave madame Bouvillon till her face was washed,

ed, and her forehead bound up with a bandage, to obtain a farther account of his message.

C H A P. V.

Of things that will divert, it may be, the least of the whole book.

IT is true Angelica was found again, and had been brought away by Leander's servant. This servant had but too much wit to let any body know that Leander was his master; and Angelica endeavoured to disguise that by policy, which Olive and Rancour had done before bluntly. Leander enquired of Angelica and his servant, whom he made pass for one of his friends, where and how he had found her; and which questions he happened to ask just as Ragotin entered, leading in Destiny in triumph, or rather dragging him after him, because he could not go so fast as he would have him. At first Destiny and Angelica embraced with reciprocal testimonies of friendship, and with that tenderness which friends long absent are wont to show on an unexpected interview.

Leander

Leander and she caressed only with their eyes, leaving farther remonstrances of kindness to a private meeting. In the mean time Leander's servant began his story after the following manner, treating his master all the while like his friend. After I had left you, quoth he, addressing himself to Leander, I pursued the ravishers of Angelica, as you had desired me, till sun-set, when, and not before, I lost sight of them. Next morning I was not a little surprized to find the lady I looked after at the entrance of a wood alone, on foot, and all dissolved in tears. Here-upon having acquainted her that I was your friend, and that it was at your desire that I had gone in quest of her, she seemed to be somewhat comforted, and begged of me to conduct her to Mans, or at least to carry her to Leander, if I knew where to find him. Now, madam, continued he, turning to Angelica, it must be your part to relate the rest, for you know you were so afflicted on the road, that I did not care to ask you any questions. Those that were least curious of all the company, had yet a mind to learn from Angelica's own mouth the account of so strange an adventure ; for strange it might well seem to them, that a young lady

lady should be carried away with such violence, and afterwards surrendered, or rather abandoned, without the least force. Previous to this relation, Angelica first desired they would help her to a bed; which not being able to do, as the inn was at that time full, the honest curate obliged her with a chamber in his sister's house, which was next door. Now Angelica had not so great occasion for a bed to sleep on, as to rest herself upon; therefore Destiny and Leander, with the rest of the company, were admitted to her bed-side as soon as she lay down. Although she would have been glad that Leander should have an opinion of her constancy, yet she could not well look upon him without blushing. The observing this made him pity her confusion extremely; and, in order to divert her from doing herself any prejudice, he immediately put her upon relating that part of the adventure which his servant could not. This request of his she forthwith proceeded to gratify, as follows. You may imagine, says she, my mother and I were not a little surprized, when, while we were walking together in the garden that adjoins our house, we saw all of a sudden, a little door open, which
looks

looks toward the country, and five or six men enter, who immediately seized me, without regarding my mother, and carried me away, half dead with fear, to their horses. My mother, whom you all know to be one of the most resolute women in the world, fell furiously upon the first of those she overtook, and reduced him to that condition, that he could not possibly get out of her hands till he called one of his companions to his assistance. The person that rescued him, who was so base as to beat my mother, as I heard him afterwards boast of on the road, was, it seems, the author of this enterprize. He nevertheless came not near me all that night, during which we marched like persons pursued by an enemy, and that through the most private roads they could find; for otherwise the noise I made would certainly have brought somebody to my relief. They so managed the matter, that we met with but one little village in our way; the inhabitants whereof I soon raised with my lamentations; but they were not numerous enough to rescue me.

The morning came, and then my ravisher approaching, no sooner saw me, than he fled away in a great passion, and afterwards

afterwards assembled a council of his companions, which lasted about half an hour. My ravisher after that seemed to be enraged as much as I was grieved, and often swore he would play the devil with his companions. Their tumultuous assembly being at an end, I unsuccessfully endeavoured to know what they had agreed on; but we were put on our march again; and from that time forward I had less respect paid me than before. They quarrelled with me as often as they saw me uneasy, and cursed me as much as if I had been some great offender. They carried me away, as you might perceive, speaking to Leander, with a player's habit on, which they hid by throwing one of their cloaks over me. They met a man upon the road, of whom they endeavoured to inform themselves of some matters; I was surprized to find that man Leander, and believe he was no less astonished to see me; for he knew me as soon as ever I discovered my habit, as well as by my face. He may inform you if he pleases what he did. For my part, seeing so many swords drawn upon him, I fainted away in the arms of him that held me upon the horse; and when I came to myself, found we were again upon

upon our march, but saw Leander no more. Hereupon I began to redouble my cries; but my ravishers, whereof there was one wounded, little regarding me, took their way cross the country, and last night stopped at a little village, where they lay and passed for soldiers. This morning, at the entrance of a wood they met a man with a young gentlewoman on horseback; her they immediately unmasked, and having so done, it seems, knew her; when taking her from her guardian, and bestowing on him a few blows of a cudgel, they immediately rode away with her, as they had with me; she making as great, if not greater, lamentations than I had done. When I heard her voice, I fancied I knew her, but could not be positive. After we had got about fifty paces into the wood, the man who seemed to be their commander, rode up to the person that carried me, and cried to him, set down that slabbering milk-sop you have behind you, and let her shift for herself. Herein he was immediately obeyed, and I was all on a sudden left alone upon the ground. The dread I had to be thus alone would have certainly been the end of me, had not this gentleman here
(meaning

(meaning Leander's servant) who brought me hither, followed at a distance, and found me in that condition. The rest he has acquainted you with already. But, continued she, addressing herself to Destiny, I believe that same lady which was preferred to me is your sister, my companion; and the reason I have for it, is not only the resemblance of her voice with that I heard, but likewise the man that carried her, I dare be positive, was the servant you took last. What's that you tell me? quoth Destiny somewhat disturbed. I tell you my thoughts, replied Angelica; but I may be deceived, one person may be like another: yet still I fear it was she. I fear so too, replied Destiny, with his countenance much changed, for I have some reason to apprehend a certain person in this province for an enemy, that would do me such a service. But how came she at the entrance of a wood, continued he, when Ragotin left her yesterday at Mans? I will send away for one of my friends thither presently, pursued he, to know the truth, while I stay behind to determine on some suitable resolution to the news he brings.

As

As he had done speaking, he heard somebody call him in the street ; and stepping to the window, perceived it was monsieur la Garouffiere, who was just then returned from his visit, and who told him, he had something of importance to communicate to him. He went down to wait on him, and thereby left Leander and Angelica together, to enjoy each other after so tedious an absence, and to pour out their sighs and vows into one another's bosom. I fancy it would have been no small pleasure either to have seen or heard them ; but their greatest happiness was to be alone. During this, Destiny demanded of la Garouffiere what he had to say to him. Do you know a certain gentleman called Verville, quoth Garouffiere, and that he is one of your friends ? He is the only person that I have been obliged to in the world, replied Destiny ; he is the man I honour most, and who I believe has the like kindness and respect for me. I believe the same, answered Garouffiere, for I met him to-day at the gentleman's where I dined, and all his discourse was of you. He asked me a hundred questions concerning you, without my being able to satisfy him any ; and if I had not promised to
send

send you to him, he would certainly have come hither to wait on you before now, although he hath a great deal of business upon his hands where he is. Destiny thanked him heartily for his kind information, and having learned farther from him, where his friend Verville was, resolved to go to him that very minute, hoping to learn from him some news of his enemy Saldagne, whom he knew very well to be the person that carried off Angelica; and, provided she was not mistaken in the voice she had heard, the designing ravisher of his dearest Stella. He desired his companions to return immediately to Mans, to congratulate Mrs. Cave, in his name, upon the news of her daughter's being found; and that they would either send a man on purpose, or one of them come speedily back, to tell him how Stella did, provided he could hear any news of her. He then informed himself farther of his way to the town where Verville was to be found; and having obtained the curate's promise that his sister should take care of Angelica, till such time as he sent for her from Mans, he took Leander's horse, and got about night to the town where Verville was.

He

He did not think proper to go himself to Verville, for fear he might meet Saldagne at his first coming, whom he knew to be thereabouts; and therefore stepping into a little hedge alehouse hard by, he sent the boy to Verville, to let him know that the gentleman whom he had desired to see, was there waiting for him. Verville came, and throwing his arms about Destiny's neck, continued for some time embracing him, being scarce able to show the love and tenderness he had for him.

C H A P VI.

*Which perhaps will entertain its reader
as little as the foregoing.*

VERVILLE and Destiny gave an account to each other of all matters concerning them, which they were separately ignorant of. Verville told Destiny of the wondrous brutality of his brother Saint Far, and of the great patience of his wife in bearing with him; he thence took occasion to extol his own happiness, in having so good a woman to his wife, and afterwards told him news of the
baron

baron D'Arques, his father, and of monsieur de Saint Sauveur. Destiny, on his part, related all his adventures, not concealing the least; and Verville farther acquainted him, that Saldagne still continued to live thereabouts, as ill a life as ever, promising withal, that if Stella was to be found in his custody, he would do all that lay in his power to recover her out of his hands, at the hazard both of his own life, and those of his friends, which he could command. He farther informed him, that he had no place to retire to, but his father's, and another gentleman's in the country, who was as bad as he, and having little or no estate to maintain himself, could not be able to entertain another long. He must therefore, continued he, come to our house speedily, if he will remain in our province. My father bears with him, it is true, on account of relationship; but my brother Saint Far, now cares no more about him. I would advise you therefore, proceeded he, to come along with me to my father's to-morrow, where I will place you so that you shall observe all Saldagne does, without any one beholding you but those you have a mind to see.

Destiny

Destiny liked this advice of his friend Verville very well, and resolved to follow it; but Verville being to sup that night with one of the principal gentlemen of the town, an old man, his relation, who had designed him for his heir, it could not be put in execution till the next morning. Destiny, for his part, supped only on what he could find in the alehouse, and went to bed betimes, that he might not make his friend wait for him the next day, for they had designed to be on their journey by sun-rise.

At the hour appointed they set forth; and, as they rid along, for three leagues together, entertained each other with those particulars they had not time to speak of before. As soon as they were got to their journey's end, Verville placed Destiny in the house of a servant of his, whom he had married not long before to a woman in that town, and who lived very prettily, not far off from the baron D'Arques his father. He gave particular orders that he should be kept private, and promised he would return to him in a very short time. It was not above two hours before he came back; and acquainted Destiny at the first stroke, that he had bad news to tell him. Where-
upon

upon, he grew pale and began to tremble ; but Verville soon removed the cause of Destiny's fear, by the following relation. I was no sooner alighted, said he, but I saw your friend Saldagne carried between four men into a ground-chamber ; being hurt by a fall from his horse, which had so bruised him, that he was not able to walk. At first sight of me he told me he had occasion to speak with me, and desired me to come to his chamber after the surgeon, who was then present, had done dressing his leg, which had been extremely shattered by his fall. I accordingly went ; and, as soon as we were alone, he began thus. I must, says he, confess all my faults to you, though you are the least indulgent of any of my censurers, your prudence being a continual terror to my folly. Saldagne afterwards owned he had carried off an actress, for whom he said he had cherished a desire all his life long, and would tell me the particulars thereof, which he believed I should be surprised at. He told me, in consequence, that the gentleman I mentioned before, who had been used to entertain him, having been obliged to leave the province on account of his assisting a brother who had been found to have

made bad salt, he was forced to bring his booty to my father's house; and to desire that his sister, my wife, would conceal her in her apartment, for fear this action of his should come to his father's knowledge, which he said he dreaded. He afterwards conjured me to lend him one of my servants, his own being very great blockheads, for conducting her safe to an house of his in Britany, whither he said he would follow as soon as ever he could well mount his horse. He asked me farther, if I could not procure him a man or two more to accompany my servant, for he well knew how difficult a thing it would be for three men to carry off a woman so far without her consent. The better to serve you, I made him believe this an easy matter to accomplish. Now, continued Verville to Destiny, his servants are altogether strangers to you, and mine is a very cunning fellow, and faithful to me; therefore I will cause him to tell Saldagne that he will take along with him a stout fellow, an acquaintance of his, to assist him; and that same fellow I design shall be you. Therefore, pursued he, your mistress must be acquainted with our intention; and this very night, when they think to get a great way by the help
of

of the moon, she must feign herself sick in the first village; then will they be obliged to stop; and my servant shall make Saldagne's men drunk. She shall afterwards seem to recover; and then proceeding on their journey, it will be an easy matter for my man to impose on the drunkards, and to make them believe that you come behind with their charge; while you shall go a quite contrary way, and so get off with your dear Stella. Destiny found a great deal of masterly contrivance in this proposal of Verville's, whose man, whom they had sent for, now entered the chamber. They consulted together what they had to do; and having agreed on all points, Verville retired with Destiny the rest of the day, being unwilling to part with him so quickly after so long an absence, though he nevertheless hoped to see him again at Bourbon, whither he was to go.

At length night came, and Destiny went with Verville's servant to the place appointed. Saldagne's two men failed not to be there likewise; and Verville, by Saldagne's order, consigned into their hands the charge of Stella. You cannot imagine what joy enflamed these two lovers hearts at this interview; but speak
D 2 they

they must not, and to look languishingly they dare not, so that their passion might be well termed inexpressible. They had not gone above half a league before Stella began to complain, and her attendants exhorted her to take courage till she came to a town about two leagues off, where they gave her hopes she should rest. Her malady increased at every step, and Verville's man and Destiny did all that in them lay to prevent Saldagne's servants from mistrusting the reality of her sickness, so near to the place they set out from. At last they arrived at the town, and immediately went to the inn (whereof there was but one in all the place) which they happily found full of guests and drunkards. Stella continued to groan, and feigned sickness better by candle, than she had done by the day-light. She called for a bed, and lay down in her cloaths, requiring her guards but to leave her only for an hour, and she did not question, but by that time she should be fit to get on horseback again. They accordingly left her, and Saldagne's servants depended for the rest on the management of Verville's man, who had received their master's orders. For their parts, they thought they had no more to do

do than to make much of themselves, and therefore struck in with a jolly company of roaring boys, who were placed round a table, pelting one another with healths as thick as hail-shot from the mouth of a demi-culverin. Verville's man would sometimes step in and take his glass to renew the fight, when there was like to be any cessation of arms; and the reason he gave for his often flinching, was, his having the care of the lady; but the truth was, he had a mind to take that opportunity for equipping her and Destiny, to send them away, which he soon after did; though therein he varied from the stratagem his master had laid, as you may have observed before. After he had so done, he returned to his drunkards, amusing them with chimerical stories, and telling them the lady was for the present gone to sleep, but supposed she would soon awake, and that then they should be jogging on again; for that Destiny was gone to get ready the horses, and would presently return. He then put about the glass, and toasted several healths; which Saldagne's men honouring with bumpers, their heads grew so heavy, at last, that they could not possibly lift them from the table; they therefore were forced to be

carried out and thrown upon some straw in a barn ; for if suffered to lie upon beds, they would certainly have spoiled the sheets. Verville's man feigned himself drunk likewise, though he really was not: in the morning he waked betimes, and going sorrowfully to his companions in the barn, told them that their charge was flown, but that he had sent his friend Destiny after her, who he hoped would overtake and bring her back. However, he thought it both theirs and his duty to mount immediately, and assist in the pursuit, and therefore bid them rise instantly and prepare to be gone. It was at least an hour before he could make them comprehend what he said, and I'll assure you, it was near eight days after before they were wholly sober. As every body in the inn was drunk that night, even from the hostess to the scullion, so nobody took the least notice when Destiny and Stella went off ; and I believe they scarce remembered the next day whether they had seen any such people there or not.

Whilst matters passed thus, and Verville's man pressed his sluggish companions to be gone, Destiny had gained ground a pace with his dear fellow-traveller,

traveller, not doubting in the least but that his friend behind had taken care; whenever they got out, to lead his pursuers a contrary way. The moon shone very bright, and the road they had to go was extremely good, which led them to a town whither we will bring them in the following chapter.

C H A P. VI.

A bad action committed by the Sieur la Rappiniere, and a farther account of the travels of Destiny and Stella.

DESTINY, as he rode along, had a great desire to know how Stella came to the wood where Saldagne had seized her; but still a more predominant regard to their safeties, obliged him to spend all his time in spurring and switching his own and his mistress's beast; till at length the two lovers had leisure to entertain each other; which they did, with all the expressions and demonstrations of love and affection imaginable; and then Stella proceeded to tell Destiny how many good turns she had done her mother, Mrs. Cave, and how extremely,

she believed, she would be afflicted at her absence. As for my part, continued she, you may well imagine I had as great need of consolation as she; for as soon as your valet had brought me a horse from you, and withal, acquainted me that you had found the ravishers of Angelica, but were wounded—I wounded! quoth Destiny, interrupting her, I never was yet; no, nor in the least danger of being so; neither did I ever send you any horse. There must be some mystery in this, continued he, which I have not comprehended yet. I wondered indeed what made you ask me, so often how I did, and whether the going so fast did not incommode me; but now I discover all. You rejoice and torment me at once, answered Stell'a, with this relation. Your wounds caused me a great deal of disquiet 'tis true; and now what you tell me inclines me to believe, that your servant has been gained over to our enemies, out of some ill design they have projected against us. He has rather been debauched, replied Destiny, by some that are too much our friends. I have no professed enemy, continued he, but Saldagne; and it is unlikely that he should have seduced my servant, because I know he beat him at
that

that very time when he met you. How came you to know that, said Stella, for I don't remember I ever told it you? You shall know, replied Destiny, as soon as ever you have made me acquainted with the manner of your coming from Mans. I can acquaint you with no more, quoth Stella, than what I have told you already. The day after, proceeded she, that my mother, Mrs. Cave, and I, came to Mans, your servant brought me a horse from you, and told me, with tears in his eyes, that you had been wounded by the ravishers of Angelica, and that therefore you desired I would make all the haste I could to you. I presently got on horseback for that purpose, although it was very late. I lay about five leagues from Mans, at a place the name of which I have forgot, and next day, at the entrance of a wood, we were stopped by persons I did not know. I saw your servant beaten, and was extremely concerned at it, but I could not hinder it. I saw likewise a woman suddenly thrown off a horse, and whom I afterwards knew to be my companion; but the great fright I was then in, joined with the extraordinary concern I had for your safety, made me take but little notice of it.

They mounted me in the place of her they had pulled off. We travelled till night, and afterwards having gone a great deal more ground, for the most part across the country, we arrived at a sort of gentleman's house, where I observed they would not receive us. It was there that I first knew Saldagne, the sight of whom caused me immediately to despair. We travelled after that a great way farther, and at length I was secretly conveyed into the house where your friend found me.

As Stella had just ended the relation of her adventures, the day began to appear, whereby they perceived they were in the high road that leads to Mans, and forthwith whipped their horses forward more vigorously than they had hitherto done, to reach a town they saw before them. Destiny desired earnestly to catch his servant, and thereby to discover what other enemy he had in that country besides his professed one, Saldagne; but there was no likelihood that he would suffer himself to fall into his clutches, after the ill trick he had played him. He learned from his dear Stella all that she knew concerning her companion Angelica; but while they were thus amusing each other with questions

questions and answers, their horses started all on a sudden, at the sight of a man who lay at his full length under a hedge. Destiny's horse almost leaped from under him, and Stella's was so frightened, that it threw her violently to the ground. When Destiny had recovered himself, he immediately endeavoured to assist Stella, but his horse so snuffled, pranced, and tripped, that he could scarce alight to assist her. At last he made shift to leap off its back, and found, to his great joy, that Stella had received no hurt. After this, the horses being somewhat come to themselves, he went up to observe the cause of their fright, and found it was a man, whom he took either to be dead or asleep. Upon a nearer view he saw he was both, for he was dead drunk; although his snoring shewed him to be alive, yet Destiny had no small trouble to awake him. At length, by often pulling him about, he opened his eyes, and thereby discovered himself to his master to be his servant, whom he had longed so much to find. The rogue, as drunk as he was, nevertheless knew his master; and by the fear he seemed to have of him, betrayed his being author of what he had before doubted of. Destiny

asked him several questions successively, without waiting for answers: as first, Why he told Stella he was wounded? Why he carried her away from Mans? Whither he designed to have carried her? By whose order he had the horse? and the like. To all which, nevertheless, he could not get a word in answer; either because the rascal his man was too drunk to have the use of his tongue, or else because he feigned himself to be so. This occasioned Destiny to fly into such a passion, that having struck him two or three blows with the flat of his sword, he took a halter, tied his hands fast behind him and fastened the other end to the crupper of his horse, intending to make him march in that manner to his journey's end. After which he again mounted Stella on her horse, and having snatched a good cudgel out of the hedge, got up himself to proceed on his journey; his man walking all the way by his side, like a greyhound in a slip.

The town which Destiny saw before him, happened to be the same that he had parted from two days before, where he had met monsieur la Garouffiere, and where his company still remained, by reason of a grievous *colera morbus* that
madame

madame Bouvillon had been afflicted with ever since. When Destiny arrived, he found neither Rancour, Olive nor Rago-
tin ; they having all returned to Mans the day before. As for Leander he had never quitted his dear Angelica, and I need not tell you after what manner she received Stella, for it may be easily guessed what caresses two such friends would lavish away upon each other, after so many dangers escaped on either side. Destiny immediately informed monsieur la Garouffiere of the success of his expedition ; and a little after his man being brought in, who was not yet unbound, he proceeded to ask him the same questions as before ; to which nevertheless the rascal stood mute, as he had formerly done. This obstinancy caused his master to order a hand-vice to be fetched from a gun-smith's, wherewith to squeeze his thumbs, and make him confess by those means. At the sight of the engine, he began to tremble, and falling down on his knees, begged heartily for pardon ; confessing at the same time, that la Rappiniere had set him on to do what he had done, and that he had moreover promised him for recompence to take him into his service. He farther owned, that la Rappiniere

pinriere was then at a house about two leagues off, which he had seized in prejudice of a poor widow.

Destiny continued talking in private for some time with monsieur la Garouffiere, who soon after sent a footman to let la Rappiniere know that he would speak with him about an affair of consequence: for the counsellor of Rennes had it seems a great influence over the provost of Mans. He had formerly prevented his being broke on the wheel in Brittany, and had likewise always made it his business to protect him whenever he came to be accused of any crime; and that not because he thought him innocent, being satisfied that he had been guilty of various offences, but by reason that he had married one of his relations. The servant was sent to la Rappiniere, and found him just then getting on horseback to go to Mans; but no sooner had he heard that la Garouffiere had sent for him, but he put off that journey to go wait on him. In the mean time la Garouffiere, who had some pretence to wit, drew out of a scrutore several copies of verses of divers kinds, all which he read to Destiny; and afterwards, to pass away the time, they read the following novel translated from the Spanish.

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

The judge in her own cause: A novel.

IT was in Africa, among the rocks by the sea side, and not far distant from the famous city of Fez, that prince Muley, son to the king of Morocco, after having strayed from his companions while he was hunting, happened to be left alone. The sky was without cloud, the sea was calm, and the moon and stars shone out so bright, that they, in a manner, rivalled the sun : in a word, all these agreeable accidents met together, made one of those nights, which in hot countries, like this, are far more pleasant than what we call the finest days in our northern regions. The Moorish prince galloping along the shore, diverted himself with beholding the exceeding brightness of the moon and stars, which communicated their splendor to the water, wherein they were also to be seen as in a mirror. As he was thus amusing himself, he heard several doleful shrieks hard by, which his curiosity inclining him to know the occasion of, he spurred his horse forward, and rode to the place whence he
thought

thought the noise came. He there discovered a woman defending herself with all her might, against a man that endeavoured to bind her hands, whilst another woman at the same time was struggling with her to stop her mouth with a piece of linnen. The arrival of the young prince prevented all farther violence from being offered to her, and occasioned an involuntary truce on the assaulter's side. Muley at his first arrival demanded of the assaulted woman, what made her cry out; and of the others, what they were going to do to her? But instead of an answer, the man that was the aggressor stepped up to him with his drawn scymetar, and launched at him such a terrible stroke, as would have undoubtedly wounded him very dangerously, had he not dexterously avoided it by the swiftness of his horse. Villain, cried Muley to him, turning his horse's head, How durst thou assault the prince of Fez? I did not well know you to be he, replied the Moor; but since you happen to be so, it is because you are my prince, that I will either have your life, or lose my own. With that he immediately set upon him with so great fury, that the prince, as valiant as he was, thought less of chastising

ing his subject's insolence, than defending his own life. The two women at the same time continued struggling; and she who a moment before had been almost over-powered, was now become courageous, and kept her adversary from flying, hoping that her champion would get the victory. Despair ever augments courage, and oftentimes gives it to those whose natural timidity has made them incapable of it before. Although the valour and conduct of this prince were incomparably greater than those of his adversary, yet did the self-conviction of the Moor, together with the dread of punishment, so animate his spirits, and direct his arm, that the combat remained for some time doubtful: but at last Heaven, that is always ready to protect those it raises above others, caused the prince's attendants to come that way; who being alarmed at the noise of the combatants and the cries of the women, immediately rode post to see what was the matter, and arrived just when their master by a lucky blow had brought his enemy to the ground. They presently knew their lord, and therefore ran with great fury to dispatch his vanquished adversary; but the prince calling out to them, bid them
to

forbear killing him, and ordered them only to tie him to a horse's tail, it being his intention to have him reserved for a more exemplary punishment. Two of the horsemen took up the two women behind them, and with this equipage Muley and his company returned to Fez much about day-break. The young prince commanded in Fez as absolute as if he had been already king. Soon after his arrival, he commanded the Moor, whose name was Amet, and son to one of the richest merchants in that city, to be brought before him; the two women were ordered to be brought likewise; but they were known to nobody, by reason of the custom of concealing that sex, which is observed here stricter than in any other country. She of the two whom the prince had relieved, surprised both him and the whole court with her beauty; it being so great, that all Africa had not the like to boast of; and also so majestic, that even a slave's habit, which she wore, could not obscure it. The other woman was cloathed like those of this country who are of some quality; she likewise had beauty, but such as could not stand in competition with that of her antagonist; and, had it been possible, the
paleness

paleness of her cheeks alone, occasioned by her fear, would have lost her the victory; while the other would have rather received additions from a guiltless blush than a disadvantage. The Moor appeared before Muly with guilt in his countenance, keeping his eyes all the while fixed upon the ground. The prince commanded him to confess his crime, if he expected to escape the torture. I know those that are prepared for me, answered the Moor boldly; all which, and greater, I have deserved; but, though I had thought it for my advantage, yet even the greatest that could be inflicted on me, would not have been able to have extorted the least confession from me. Nay, since I am satisfied nothing can avail to save my life, seeing I would have been the instrument of your death, know, great prince, that the anger I have conceived against myself, for not killing you, torments me yet more than the utmost of your tortures can do. As for these two Spanish women here, added he, they have both been my slaves; whereof one, who knew best how to manage her person, has married my brother Zadig; whereas the other, being more obstinate, would never yet change her religion, nor accept
the

the frequent proffers of love which I have made her. Here he stopped, and would give no farther account either of them or himself, notwithstanding the great menaces made him. This caused Muley to have him immediately thrown into a dungeon, loaded with irons; and the renegado, wife of Zadig, was ordered to another prison. But the fair slave, the prince commanded to be conducted to a Moor's house, named Zulema, a man of quality, and by birth a Spaniard, who had left that country, because he would not be forced to turn Christian. He was of the illustrious family of Zegreys, heretofore so renown'd in Granada; and his wife Zoraide, likewise of the same lineage, was reputed to be the finest woman, whether for beauty or wit, in all Fez. She was at first charm'd with the beauty and conversation of this fair Christian slave, and therefore, if she had been capable of being comforted, she might have found sufficient consolation in her caresses; but on the contrary, as if she had forsworn all manner of comforts, she always desired to be alone, thereby to give the better vent to her grief; for when she was in Zoraide's company, she underwent no small torture by retaining her
her

her sighs and tears. All this while prince Muley was very desirous of having an account of her adventures. He had made his mind already known to Zulema, who being a person from whom he could conceal nothing, he had likewise acquainted him that he had a sort of love for this fair Christian, and which he would before have let her know, had not he apprehended from her great afflictions some unknown rival in Spain, who might be too luckily prepossess'd of her favour. Zulema having received this hint from his lord, immediately gave orders to his wife to get what particulars she could out of this fair Christian, concerning her life, but especially how she came to be slave to Amet. Zoraide was as desirous as the prince of knowing these particulars, and therefore was not long before she set about it; she had little reason to think she should be refused, because she had been so wonderfully civil to her. Agreeable to her wishes, the fair Spaniard answered her, that she would satisfy her curiosity whenever she pleased; but having nothing but misfortunes to acquaint her with, she feared she should find her relation somewhat tiresome. You will be convinced, replied Zoraide, that it cannot

not be so, when you shall see the attention I give to it; and by the concern I shall infallibly shew for your bad fortune, I dare say you will be apt to believe you could entrust your secrets to no truer friend. This said, they threw their arms over each other's necks, and embraced as heartily, as if they had never designed to quit that posture. Afterwards the fair slave wiping her eyes, filled with tears at the acute remembrance of her great misfortunes, began her story in the following manner. "I am," said she, "a Spaniard by birth, and born at Valencia: my name is Sophia. I was educated with that care which might become a rich father and mother to bestow on the first fruits of their marriage. I had a brother younger than myself by a year; he was as lovely as could be, and loved me as dearly as I did him; our mutual friendship was so great, that we were never easy when asunder, and therefore our parents took care we should seldom be so. We learned together all those exercises that are usually taught the youth of either sex; and thence it came to pass, to the surprize of all, that I was equally skilled with him in the manege, and he with me in the arts of the needle.

This extraordinary sort of education caused a gentleman, our neighbour, to desire of my father that his children might be bred with us. His request was granted; and having only a son and daughter, about our age, it gave occasion to the town of Valencia to think that there would one day be a counter marriage between us. Don Carlos and Lucy, were the names of those two young companions of ours. The former was handsome, and loved me dearly, which I reciprocally returned. Our parents observed it, but were so far from either disliking or opposing it, that they rather encouraged and approved it, and I believe would certainly have soon married us together, had not they thought us too young. At length our delusive happiness was stifled by the death of my brother; a violent fever carried him off in eight days, and from his death sprang the first cause of my misfortunes. Lucy was so affected at it, that she obstinately resolved to turn nun: I had brought myself even to Death's door with grief; and Don Carlos likewise had so great a share in our concern, that he gave his parents little hopes of surviving it; so much the loss of my brother, the danger I was in, and the resolution

resolution of his sister had wrought upon him. At last, thanks to our youth, we all recovered, and time, in some measure, moderated our afflictions. The father of Don Carlos died not long after, and left him both rich and out of debt. His riches furnished him with ability to gratify his gallant humour, and his gallantry flattered my vanity, exposed his love to publick knowledge, and augmented mine. Don Carlos was often found at my parents feet, conjuring them not to defer his happiness any longer; and my father was inclinable to hearken to his request, lest his profuse courtship might in time diminish his fortune; he gave him therefore hopes that he should speedily be his son-in-law. This raised Don Carlos to so high a pitch, that he lavished out his love at an extraordinary rate; and this would have been alone sufficient to have convinced me of his sincerity, had not I had so many preceding proofs of his passion. To add to his other profuseness, he presented me with a ball, and invited all the town of Valencia to it; but, to his misfortune as well as mine, among the rest came a Neapolitan count, whom some affairs of importance had brought into Spain. This
count

count it seems took so great a fancy to me that he must needs be in love with me, and, in order to gratify his passion, was not long before he demanded me in marriage, after having been informed of the quality of my father, in the kingdom of Valencia. My father was so dazzled with the title of this stranger, that he immediately consented to all he asked, and from that very hour forbid Don Carlos to pretend any farther to me. He likewise strictly enjoined me to receive no more of his visits, and moreover commanded me for the future to look upon the Italian count as a person that was to marry me at his return from Madrid, whither he was then going, and would come back in a short time. I dissembled my dislike for the present to my father's proposals; but when I was alone Don Carlos would sincerely come into my mind, whom I thought the most amiable man in the world, while I could not find with my utmost endeavours the least thing agreeable, nay, scarce tolerable in his rival; so that it was equally impossible for me to love the one or to forget the other. I had recourse upon this occasion to tears, but found those a feeble remedy against so great a malady as mine.

VOL. II.

E

While

While I was in this condition, Don Carlos entered the room, but without his usual custom of asking leave. He found me all in tears, which made him lose the power of withholding his own, however great had been his resolutions, not to betray the sentiments of his heart till he had dived into the inmost recesses of mine. He threw himself at my feet, and taking me by the hand, which he bathed with his tears, Sophy, said he to me, and must I lose you then? Must a stranger, who has hardly the honour to be known to you, be notwithstanding preferred to me? Shall he possess you, Sophy, and will you consent to it? You whom I have loved so dearly, and who have always endeavoured to make me believe that you loved me likewise? Shall your father pretend to dispose of you, when he has already given you to me? Your father, the most unjust man alive! If you were a person, continued he, whose merit could be valued, my fidelity alone should be able to purchase you. But, pursued he, since you are inestimable, I beg you will believe that if I have had the ambition to aspire to you, I shall not want the courage to revenge myself on him whom you causelessly prefer to me. But, however, added

added he, sighing, if it be your pleasure that my rival should live happy in your favour, I will forego all attempts upon him, and only revenge your unkindness upon myself by some cruel and sudden death. Don Carlos, answered I, will you join with an unjust father, and a hated lover, to torment me, and impute that to me as a crime, which is only a misfortune common to us both? Pity me, added I, instead of accusing me, and think of means to preserve me yours, rather than reproach me with a fault I am no way guilty of. I believe I may have better reason to reflect on you for not having sufficiently loved me, since I find you have not sufficiently known me. But we have no time to lose in vain words, continued I; carry me whither you please, for you shall always find me disposed to follow you.

At these words Don Carlos was more transported with joy than he had been before depressed with grief; and therefore having begged my pardon a thousand times for the injustice he had done me, he proposed to fetch me away the night following. For this purpose he spent all that day in ordering his affairs. He got together a good sum of money, and hired

a Barcelona vessel, which would be ready to put to sea at what time he desired. For my part, young as I was, I had sense enough to manage the secret so well, that no body ever so much as mistrusted us. I got all my mother's jewels, and scraped up what money I could get. At the hour appointed, Carlos's page, Claudio, waited for me at the gate. He told me his master had sent him to conduct me on board, and that he could not come himself, for reasons he would satisfy me of when he saw me. At the same time came a slave that belonged to Don Carlos, and who was likewise very well known to me, to accompany us. We got easily out of the city, by means of the good contrivance we had laid, and were not gone far before we saw a vessel riding in the harbour, whose boat waited for us on the shore. The seamen told me my dear Don Carlos would come immediately, and that I had no more to do, than to go into the boat. I was carried in by the slave, but had no sooner been set down, than I perceived the seamen forcing in Claudio, whom I observed to be unwilling to enter. This encreased my concern for the absence of Carlos, and thereupon I immediately demanded of the
slave

slave where he was: he surlily answered, that wherever he was, it was not for me. Having said thus much he left me, and in a little while after, I heard Claudio above upbraiding the slave after this manner. Is it thus, traitor, that you perform your promise, to rid me of a rival, and leave me with my love? To which the slave replied, Imprudent Claudio! am I obliged to keep my word with you, when you have not scrupled to betray your master? and how could I expect you would be true to me, and not send the guards out after me to take my dear Sophy from me, whom I love more than my life, when I have observed how villainously you served both him and her?

These words spoken to a woman whom I took always for a man, and concerning matters which I knew nothing of, raised so severe a disorder in me, that I fell dead for the present, in the arms of the perfidious Moor. By that time my fit was over, our vessel had got a good way to sea. You cannot imagine when I came to myself, what a confusion I was in, for then I plainly perceived I was in the hands of Moors, and enemies to our faith. I then knew the slave Amet had all authority, and that his brother Zaide

was captain of the vessel. Amet no sooner saw me in a condition to hear him, than he made me a short declaration of love, professing he had long a passion for me, and that this was the cause of his carrying me away. That he designed to carry me to Fez, where it should be my own fault if I was not as happy, if not happier than I could have been in Spain. And lastly, he had the impudence to urge to me, that he did not doubt but that in a short time I would have no reason to regret the loss of Don Carlos. I had scarce patience to hear him out, before I flew upon him with all the vigour and courage that my fit had left me; and, by an address which I told you before I had learned from my education, snatching his scymeter out of his scabbard, was going to punish his perjury with the loss of his life, had not his brother Zaide timely stepped in and prevented me. I was presently disarmed; for having once missed my blow, I could not possibly defend myself against so great a number of enemies. Amet, who my unexpected attempt had frightened, commanded all but me to go out of the room, and afterwards followed himself. He left me in such a condition as you may imagine after so cruel a reverse had happened

to

to my fortune. I spent all that night and the day following in tears. Time, that generally alleviates other peoples misfortunes, did but increase mine. The second day was as uncomfortable to me as the first, or rather more tormenting; for when I reflected upon the never seeing Don Carlos more, how could I propose to myself any further consolation? Amet always found me so terrible whenever he offered to accost me, that he came no more near me. From time to time they brought me victuals, but I refused them with such obstinacy, as made the Moor fear that he had brought me away to no purpose. In the mean time the ship had passed the Streights, and was not far from the coast of Fez; when Claudio entering the room, I no sooner perceived him, than I began with him after this manner: Villain, said I, you have betrayed me, and what could induce you to so base an action after you had been so well used both by me and Don Carlos? You were too well beloved, answered he; and since I loved Don Carlos likewise, what ill have I done in endeavouring to rid myself of a rival? but, if I had betrayed you, added he, Amet has also betrayed me, and I shall have as

great reason to lament as you, if I do not think of some expedient not to remain alone miserable. Explain these riddles, replied I, and tell me who you are, that I may know what sex I have for my enemy? Sophy, then continued he, I am of the same sex with you; and, like you, have been in love with Don Carlos; but if our love has been equal, its success has been different; he always loved you, and was inclined to believe that you returned his passion; whilst me he neither loved nor could think I loved him so dearly as I did, as he never knew who I was. I am of Valencia like you, proceeded she; and was not born so low, but Don Carlos might have married me without disparagement; yet his mind was set upon you, and you were the only object of his vows and wishes. It was not but I endeavoured to make my eyes save the labour of my tongue, and take the shameful confession of my love upon them. I always placed myself in his way, and used all those little arts that he would have done to captivate me had the passion been his own. I might have often disposed of myself in marriage to advantage, had not the hopes I had of one day winning him over, always prevented my fortune; in-
somuch,

ſomuch, that, inſtead of being diſcouraged at his repulſe, I found it a means to love him the more. At length, being reſolved to neglect nothing that might ſerve to bring him about, I put myſelf in man's apparel; cut off my hair; and, ſo diſguiſed, cauſed myſelf to be preſented to him for a page by an old woman, who told him that my father was a poor gentleman, that lived upon the mountains of Toledo. My face and mein pleaſed, it ſeems, your lover ſo well, that he preſently reſolved to take me. He was as well ſatiſfied with my wit as delighted with my voice and manner of ſinging, and likewise with my ſkill in playing on all ſorts of inſtruments that perſons of quality are wont to divert themſelves with. He believed he had met with qualifications in me that were not to be commonly found in pages; and I gave him ſo many proofs of my fidelity and diſcretion, that he treated me more like his friend and confidant than ſervant. This you are able to teſtify better than any perſon breathing; and you know beſides, how often you have commended me to Carlos, both behind my back and to my face, and likewise done me ſeveral other good offices with him; but I was mad to think that I muſt be indebted for

all these to a rival; and that, at the time they rendered me more agreeable to my lover, they made you more hateful to the unfortunate Claudia, (for such is my true name.)

In the mean time, your marriage advanced, and my hopes declined; but as soon as that was concluded, they were utterly lost. The Italian count, who became about that time in love with you, and whose quality and estate gained as much upon your father, as his bad mein and temper lost him in your esteem, gave me, nevertheless, the pleasure of seeing you disturbed, and caused me to flatter myself with those foolish hopes which change always offers to the unhappy. At last your father preferred the stranger whom you loved not, to Don Carlos, whom you loved; and I had then the satisfaction to see one who made me unfortunate, unfortunate himself; and my rival, whom I hated, yet more unhappy. My pleasure was augmented, though I considered I lost nothing in him, because he never was mine, yet in that you are deprived of all in losing him, by reason he was all yours.

But this imaginary happiness, or, to call it better, unfinished hope, lasted not long.

long: I learned from Don Carlos, that you was resolved to go away with him; and I was employed for that purpose to hire a ship to carry you to Barcelona, from whence you were to go either to France or Italy, I can't tell which. All the force I had hitherto made use of to support me in my misfortunes, forsook me at this moment; I could now bear up against the torment of my unhappy fate no longer, and therefore was forced to yield to it. My griefs upon this occasion were so great, that they made me downright sick, and obliged me to keep my bed.

One day, as I was lamenting my hard usage to myself, and speaking louder than ordinary, out of a confidence that I was not over-heard, the Moor Amet appeared before me; who, after he had suffered me to recover out of the surprize he had occasioned in me, addressed himself to me in these words; I have known you, Claudia, even before the time you disguised your sex to become page to Don Carlos; and if I have all this while concealed that knowledge from you, it was because I had also a design to accomplish as well as you. I have over-heard you enter into resolutions of despair. You

have a mind to discover yourself to your master to be a young woman who dies for love of him, and afterwards to kill yourself in his presence; whereby you think to incline him by pity, because you cannot otherwise engage his heart. Poor girl! what other advantage wilt thou get by killing thyself, but assuring the possession of Carlos the firmer to thy rival? I have better advice to give thee, if thou hast courage enough to take it. Deprive thy lover of Sophia; the means of accomplishing it are easy; and though it requires a great deal of resolution, yet it hath occasion for no more than thou hast already had to habit thyself like a man, and thereby hazard thy honour to content thy love. Hearken to me then with attention, continued the Moor, and I will reveal to thee a secret which I have never yet disclosed to any person; and if the proposal I am about to make thee be disapproved, thou art at liberty either to receive or reject it. I am of Fez, pursued he, and a man of quality in my own country; my misfortunes made me a slave to Don Carlos, and the beauty of Sophia made me the like to her. I have told you a great deal in a few words. Consider your own unhappiness without remedy,

remedy, if you suffer your lover to carry off your mistress to Barcelona. It is both your and my interest to prevent it, therefore let us lay hold on the occasion that offers. I have bargained for my ransom, and have paid it. A galliot from Africa waits for me in the road, not far from that which Don Carlos has provided for the execution of his design. He has put it off for a day longer, therefore let us anticipate our project to carry her away before him. In order to accomplish this, do you go immediately to Sophia, as from your master, and let her know that he requires she should depart this night: for this purpose bring her away forthwith to my vessel, and I will carry her to Africa; whereby you will remain behind alone to possess your lover, and who, 'tis very likely, will be inclined to favour your passion, when he understands what you are, how well you love him, and moreover, that the recovery of his Sophia is impracticable. At these last words of Claudia's, continued Sophia, I became all of a sudden so oppressed with grief, that I fainted away and had scarce the least sign of life left in me. The cries that Claudia made for help, who, it may be, now repented of what she had told me, brought

brought Amet and his brother into the room. They made use of all the means that were proper to recover me, when, coming at length to myself, I heard Claudia still persisting in reproaching Amet with his treachery. Infidel, said she, to him, how could you have the baseness both to betray me, and to bring this lady to the deplorable condition you see her in? or, how could you have the heart to make me guilty of treachery to the man I love so dearly? how dare you report yourself to be nobly born, when you are one of the very worst of men? Peace, fool, replied Amet, and do not accuse me of a crime to which you yourself were accessary. I have told you before, that one that could betray a master like yours, well deserves to be betrayed herself: I have proposed to carry you along with me, both to secure my own life, and prolong that of my dear Sophia; for I could easily guess what tortures she must necessarily have undergone, had you remained behind with her lover discovered. The noise the seamen made at their entrance into the port of Sally, and the thundering of the cannon as well from the vessel as the castle, interrupted any further reproaches between Amet and
Claudia,

Claudia, and at the same time delivered me from the sight of those two odious objects. We landed, Claudia and I having our faces all covered with veils, and were lodged in the house of a friend of the perfidious Amet's. The next day we were put into a close chariot, and carried in that manner to Bez; where, if Amet was overjoyed at the sight of his relations and friends, I was no less afflicted and tormented at my fate. As for Claudia, she was resolved to make herself easy, for she quickly turned Mahometan, and was married in a little time after to Zadig brother of the faithless Amet. This wicked woman employed all her cunning to persuade me to change my religion likewise, and to marry with Amet, as she had done with Zadig; but, I thank Heaven, I still persevered in my constancy, both to my first faith, and to my first love. This caused Amet and his friend to use me with all manner of ill treatment; but at last I was inclinable to believe that Claudia was not quite so bad as she seemed. In publick she persecuted me, indeed, as much or rather more than the rest; but in private she would every now and then do me a good turn. One day, when all the other women were gone to the public baths, which you know 'tis

a custom among you Mahometans to do so many times a week, Claudia came to me in my chamber, and, with a sorrowful countenance, accosted me in the following manner. Fair Sophia, said she, whatever occasion I have hitherto had to bear you ill will, it is now at an end, as I despair ever to possess him who loved me too little, because he loved you too much; I condemn myself incessantly for having been the means of making you miserable; but more especially for having abandoned my God, out of the fear of man, the least of which remorse is sufficient to make me undertake something unusual to my sex. I can no longer live so remote from Spain, and that especially among infidels, with whom I can neither expect health while I live, nor salvation when I come to die. You may judge of my sincere repentance by the secret I am going to trust you with, which makes you mistress of my life, by putting it in your power to revenge the ill offices I have been forced to do you, whenever you please. The secret is this: having procured about fifty Christian slaves, for the most part Spaniards, and engaged them to secrecy, I have furnished them with money sufficient to hire a bark, wherewith to transport us to Spain. Now

you have nothing to do but to follow my fortune, either to save yourself, if the fates so permit; or else to perish with me rather than live thus miserably among infidels. Determine therefore quickly, Sophia, continued she, what you mean to do; and, since we are alone, let us presently enter upon deliberating on the most important action of our lives. Hearing this proposal of Claudia's, I immediately threw myself at her feet; and judging of her sincerity by my own, made her my acknowledgements both in words and actions. Pursuant to our project, we fixed a time and place for our intended flight, and which, at last, was to be behind some rocks by the sea-side, where she told me the vessel lay waiting for us. On the day appointed we set out, happily as I thought, because we got so easily out of the house and city. I admired the goodness of Heaven in favouring our escape with such facility, and more than once offered up my thanks in the acknowledgement; however, the end of my misfortunes was not so near as I thought. What Claudia acted was only by order of the perfidious Amet, than whom she yet more perfidiously led me to this abandoned place, for no other reason than to expose me to the
lust

lust of that wicked Moor, who durst not attempt any violence on me in his father's house, who, though a Mahometan, was morally honest. I innocently followed her that thus guided me to ruin; and thought I could never make her sufficient acknowledgments, for obliging me with so fair a prospect of my liberty. We walked a good round pace, till we came among those rocks, where she still persisted to tell me, that her slaves lay attending for her; when all of a sudden, hearing a noise, and looking behind me, I perceived the treacherous Amet coming towards us, with a drawn scymeter in his hand. Infamous slaves, cried he aloud, is it thus ye convey yourselves away from your master's service? I was just going to answer him when Claudia seizing my arms behind, and Amet throwing away his scymeter, and joining with her, to do the like to me before, they both endeavoured jointly to bind me with cords, which they had provided for that purpose. Having more art and strength than women usually have, I resisted, for some time, the attempts of these two barbarous people; but at length, finding my efforts overpowered, I had no other remedy to have recourse to, but cries, which I hoped would

would induce some charitable traveller to come to my relief. I was just upon the brink of despair as prince Muley arrived. You have heard how he saved my honour, and, I might say, my life, since I should infallibly have died of grief, had Amet succeeded in his brutal designs upon me.

Here Sophy ended the tedious relation of her adventures, while the friendly Zoraide exhorted her to rely upon the prince's generosity, who she doubted not would afford her speedy means to return to Spain. The same day Zoraide went and acquainted her husband with every particular she had heard from Sophy; of all which, he consequently soon informed his master Muley. Although what had been told him concerning the fortune of the fair Christian, did not at all flatter his passion; yet was Muley, nevertheless, pleased to hear she was pre-engaged in affection, that he might thereby avoid the baseness of tempting her. He highly valued her virtue, and was disposed by his own to encourage and assist her in the continuance of it. Hereupon he dispatched Zoraide to let her know, that he would send her back to Spain as soon as ever she pleased; but not caring to trust to the frailty of his nature, he had at the same time resolved
to

to keep as much out of her sight as he could. Sophy, for her part, was employed in thinking how to make her return as secure as possible. She doubted if she should meet a Christian ship, which was nevertheless very difficult for her to do, as few or none traded thither, whether she should not find as bad men on board, as she had done before among the Moors. Sincerity is seldom observed on board vessels, and good faith minded as little among seamen as among soldiers. Wherever innocence and beauty are met, impudence will always take occasion to invade them. Whilst she was thus debating with herself, Zoraide advised her to take upon her the habit of a man, and the rather, because her shape was proper for that purpose: She told her also, that it was Muley's pleasure she should do so, and who not being able to find a man in Fez, with whom he could safely entrust her, had provided a companion for her, of her own sex, who was to be disguised likewise, whereby they both might easily avoid the insolence of the seamen and passengers, if they were that way inclined. This Moorish prince had formerly purchased a prize of a Corsair of Barbary. It was a ship that had belonged to the
governor

governor of Oran, which was carrying a Spanish gentleman with his whole family to Spain, whom the governor had sent thither a prisoner out of some disgust. Muley had been informed that this Christian was a great hunter; and as that exercise was one of the choicest of his diversions, he was resolved to keep him to himself; but, for fear of making him uneasy, he ordered he should not be separated from his wife, his son and daughter. In those two years he had lived in Fez, in Muley's service, he had taught that prince to shoot admirably well, and that either sitting or flying. He had moreover instructed him in several other ways of hunting before unknown to the Moors. By these means he in a short time had gained so far upon the prince's favour, and had been so serviceable to him in all his diversions, that when a ransom was offered for him, he would by no means consent to part with him; but rather made it his daily endeavour to oblige him, and make him forget Spain. Notwithstanding this kindness of the prince, the regret he had to be out of his own country, and the unlikelihood of ever returning thither again, had brought so deep a melancholly upon him, that it soon ended his days. His
wife

wife likewise languished on the same account, and lived not long after her husband. When Muley saw how fatal his favours to strangers had been, he began to be touched with remorse, and was exceeding sorry that he had not complied with their desires; but since it was now too late, he resolved to reward the good services of his sportsman upon his children, and for that purpose immediately sent for them into his presence. The daughter, whose name was Dorothea, was about the same age with Sophia, and had both wit and beauty. Her brother, named Sancho, was somewhat younger, being not above fifteen; both were made choice of by Muley to accompany Sophia to Spain. The affair was for some time kept secret; three Spanish habits for men were ordered in the mean time to be got ready. At length Muley displayed his magnificence in a great quantity of precious stones which he presented Sophia with. To Dorothea and Sancho he gave likewise several noble presents, which, together with what their father left them, and which had been all obtained from the liberality of this prince, made them to be considerably rich. About the same time Charles V. made war upon Africa, and besieged

besieged the city of Tunis. He had sent an ambassador to Muley, to treat about the ransom of certain Spaniards of quality, who had been shipwrecked on the coast of Moroeco. It was to this ambassador that Muley recommended Sophia under the name of a man of quality, called Don Hernando; Dorothy and her brother were said to be his attendants, one passing for his gentleman, and the other for his page. Sophia and Zoraide could not part without the greatest reluctance. They shed abundance of tears, and gave each other unquestionable proofs of a reciprocal affection. Zoraide, as a farther token of her love and esteem, presented the fair Christian with a necklace of pearl, of so great value as she would by no means have accepted of it, had not Zulema, who loved her no less than his wife, acquainted her, that they should take it very unkindly if she refused what they tendered only as a pledge of their friendship. Zoraide made Sophia promise to let them know from time to time how she did, either by way of Tangier, Oran, or the other places which the emperor then possessed in Africa. The Christian ambassador embarked at Sally, carrying along with him Sophia, whom from
I hence-

henceforward we must call Don Hernando. Before he proceeded on his voyage to Spain, he was to go wait on the emperor at his camp before Tunis. Our Spanish lady in masquerade was to be presented to him as a gentleman of Andaloufia, who had been a long time a slave to the prince of Morocco. She had no such great reason to be in love with life, as to fear the hazard of it in the wars, and therefore, since she had taken upon her the character of a cavalier, she was obliged to go upon all actions that honour called her to. For this purpose she placed herself among the volunteers, resolving to lose no occasion to signalize herself, which she often did, to that degree, that her valour came at length to the emperor's ear. She happened to be in one action, above the rest, wherein the emperor was unhorsed, and the Christians had like to have been beaten. This our valiant amazon perceiving, by a performance scarce to be believed, she immediately remounted the emperor, and laid about her with such conduct and vigour, that she almost opposed the whole force of the enemy, till such time as the routed army had rallied, and were come up to her relief. This wonderful action of hers, did not go without

its reward. The Emperor made the unknown Don Ferdinand a governor of the order of St. James, and gave him a regiment of horse belonging to a Spanish nobleman who had been killed in the last action. He likewise allowed her the retinue of a man of quality, and from that time there was not one in the army more esteemed or respected than this heroic girl. The actions and deportment of a man sat so easy on her, her countenance was so beautiful, and made her look so youthful, her valour was so astonishing, considering her age, and her wit so captivating, that every person of quality or rank sought her acquaintance. It is therefore not to be wonder'd at if one of whom all spoke well, and better still of her intrepid actions, became very shortly the favourite of her master. About this time, some fresh troops arrived from Spain, on board the ships which brought money and provisions to the army. The Emperor went to see them under arms, accompanied by his principal officers, of which number was our heroine. She thought she saw Don Carlos amongst them, nor was she deceived in her conjectures. She suffered the greatest anxiety for the rest of the day; for though she made the

most diligent enquiry after him, it was to no purpose as he had changed his name. That night she never closed her eyes, rose next morning with the sun and went herself in search of a lover who had cost her so many tears. She soon found him, but he did not recollect her, as she was grown much taller and her complexion was greatly altered by the heat of the climate. She pretended to take him for another of his acquaintance, asked him the news from Seville, and spoke to him of the first person whose name came into her head. Don Carlos told her, that she had mistaken him ; that he was not from Seville, but Valencia. You resemble exceedingly answered Sophia, a person who was once very dear to me, and because of that resemblance I would gladly call you my friend, if you have no objection to the title. The very same reason, replied Don Carlos, which has caused you to make me an offer of your friendship, would have already gain'd you mine had it been worth your acceptance. You strongly resemble one for whom I have long had a passion. You have her countenance and her voice ; but then you are not of the same sex, and I am perswaded, added he, giving a heavy sigh, you are not of her disposition.

Sophia

Sophia blushed at these last words of Don Carlos. However this escaped his observation, owing perhaps to the tears which stood in his eyes and prevented his discovering her emotion. Her disorder increased, and finding herself no longer able to conceal it, she requested Don Carlos to come and visit her at her tent, where she would go and wait for him; then took her leave, after having told him her quarters, and that she was call'd Don Ferdinand. At the mention of that name, Carlos was apprehensive he had not behaved with proper respect. He already knew how much that person was esteemed by the Emperor; and that though a stranger and unknown, he shared his countenance with the first of the nobility. He found out the tent without difficulty, and met the reception there he might have expected, from one of the principal officers in the camp. He still traced the likeness of Sophia in the features of Don Ferdinand, but was more astonished at his voice which pierced his very soul, and restored the image of a person there who was once dearer to him than life. Sophia, still undiscovered by her lover, pressed him to eat, and after he had taken some refreshment and the servants were

retired, she made him once more declare that he was from Valencia, and finally heard him relate, what she knew as well he did of their adventures till the day he intended to take her off. And would you have supposed continued Don Carlos, that a woman of her rank who had received so many testimonies of my affection, and had made me such returns upon her part, could have been faithless and base, to have art not only to conceal this, but to prefer a stripling of a page to me, and elope with him the very day before I intended to take her off. But are you certain of this replied Sophia? Chance is the arbitress of every thing, and frequently takes pleasure to confute our reasonings by accidents the most whimsical and unexpected. Your mistress may have been forced to this separation and is perhaps more unfortunate than culpable. Would to God! answered Don Carlos that I did but doubt of her falshood, I should then submit without murmuring to every calamity and misfortune which she has heaped upon me. Nay I should smile in the very bosom of wretchedness if I could think her still constant. But that villain Claudio is the only one she loves, and her feigned passion for unhappy Carlos only
for

his ruin—you seem to me replied Sophia never to have loved sincerely when you thus condemn your mistress without a hearing, and even deem her more criminal than inconstant. And can there be a doubt of her guilt cried Don Carlos, when the very night she eloped, in order to remove my suspicions from the page, she left a letter in her father's chamber of the most cruel nature and which has made me too miserable not to live in my recollection; I'll repeat it to you and then leave you to judge of what artifice she was capable.

THE LETTER.

IT was unjust to forbid me to love Don Carlos, after having commanded me to listen to his addresses. Merit great as his could not fail inspiring me with reciprocal affection, and when the heart of a young person is really engaged, the voice of interest is seldom attended to. I have therefore fled with one whose attachment you have countenanced since my childhood and without whom I found it as impossible to live as not daily to expect a thousand deaths with a stranger, whom I am persuaded I could never bring myself to love, though he was richer if possible

than he is. Our offence, if in strictness it can be deemed one, deserves your forgiveness, which if you grant us, we shall return more swiftly to receive it, than we fled from the rigour you intended us.

SOPHIA.

YOU may easily imagine the grief of Sophia's parents upon reading this letter. However they had still hopes, that I had their daughter concealed somewhere in Valentia, or at least that she was not far off. Every thing was kept a profound secret except from the Viceroy who was their nearrelation; and scarce had the day began to dawn when a magistrate entered my bed-chamber, and found me still asleep. I was as much surprized at this visit as I had cause: and when, upon being asked where Sophia was, I replied by making the same demand, my accusers became more exasperated, and hurried me away to prison immediately. I was examined but could make no defence against Sophia's letter; from that it was evident, that I intended to take her off. But it was likewise certain that my page had disappeared at the same time. Sophia's parents made the most diligent search after their daughter, and my friends upon the other hand exerted

red their utmost to discover where the page had convey'd her; this was the only means left to prove my innocence, but they never were able to get any intelligence of them, and my enemies accused me of having murdered both one and the other. At length, injustice, supported by power triumphed over the weakness of oppressed innocence. I was bid prepare for trial and at the same time for death, and as I did not expect a miracle would be wrought in my behalf, I determined to save myself by an effort of despair. I communicated my intentions to some highwaymen, who were prisoners like myself, and all desperate resolute fellows. We forced open the prison gates, and with the assistance of our friends made the mountains on the borders of Valentia, before the Viceroy was informed of our escape: we were for a long time masters of the country. The infidelity of Sophia, the persecution of her parents, and the injustice of the Viceroy, together with the loss of my estate, plunged me in such despair, that I risked my life in every encounter where our troop met with any resistance. This gained me such reputation, that my comrades appointed me their chief. So great was our success

that we became formidable to the Kingdoms of Arragon and Valencia, and had even the insolence to lay these countries under contributions. Here added, Don Carlos I have trusted you with a secret upon which my life depends, but your treatment has been such, and my prepossession so great, that I freely rely upon your honour for not divulging it. At length continued he, growing weary of this abandoned life, I took an opportunity of stealing away from my companions, and took the road to Barcelona, where I was received among the troops embarking for Africa, and which have since joined the army. I have no reason to be in love with life, and since mine has been of so little service to myself, I surely cannot spend it better than against the enemies of my country and in your service; for the generous countenance you have shewn me, has given my soul the first dawn of joy it has experienced since that cruel girl's ingratitude hath rendered me the most miserable of my sex. Sophia still undiscovered took the injured Sophia's part, and used every argument with her lover to prevail on him to suspend his opinion of his mistress, till he had more convincing proofs of her infidelity. She told him she was
deeply

deeply interested in his misfortunes, that she wished from her soul to alleviate them, and in order to give him more evident testimony than words of her affection, she requested that he would live with her, and that she would seize the first opportunity of exerting both her own, and her friends interest with the Emperor, to deliver him from the persecution of Sophia's parents and the Viceroy of Valentia. Don Carlos paid very little attention to what the feigned Don Ferdinand advanced in justification of Sophia, but he accepted the offer which he made him of his table and his house. The same day this faithful woman, spoke to the Colonel of Don Carlos, who she said was her relation and obtained leave for him to live with him, I should say her. Behold our unfortunate lover in the service of a mistress whom he supposed either dead or inconstant. He finds himself at once in the friendship of one, whom he thought his master, and is perplexed to conjecture what he could have done to make himself so much beloved. He is his steward, his secretary, companion and confidant, the other domesticks shew him nearly as much respect as Don Ferdinand. And he would doubtless have been happy, as he knew that he

was beloved by a master who appeared every way amiable to him, and to whom he was linked by a secret instinct, if his lost, his faithless Sophia did not constantly return in his thoughts, and cloud 'em with a melancholy which neither the favours of so good a master, nor the smiles of prosperity were able to subdue. Notwithstanding Sophia's affection for him, she was not displeased at his anxiety, as she supposed herself to be the cause of it. She spoke to him so often of Sophia, and at times defended her with so much warmth nay passion and even sharpness, that at length he began to think that Don Ferdinand was once an admirer of Sophia himself, and was even probably so still. The war in Africa was concluded just in the manner it is related in history. The Emperor carried it afterwards into Germany, Italy, Flanders, and other places. Our heroine increased her reputation as a brave and experienced commander by numberless actions of valour and conduct, though the latter of these qualities is seldom found in one so young as her sex made her appear. The Emperor was obliged to go into Flanders, and ask the King of France leave to pass through his dominions. The great prince who reigned

ed at that period was anxious to surpass a deadly foe in honour and clemency, who had ever surpassed him in success, though he did not always take the most laudable advantage of it. Charles the Fifth was received at Paris as if he had been King of France. The beautiful Don Ferdinand was of the small number of persons of quality who accompanied him; and if his master had made any stay at a court the most gallant in the world this lovely Spaniard who passed for a man, would have wounded many a heart, and been the source of jealousy to the most accomplished of our courtiers. In the mean time the Viceroy of Valencia died in Spain. Don Ferdinand had sufficient reliance upon his own merit and the affection of his master to embolden him to request this important office: and he obtained it without even being envied his success. He promised Don Carlos, that immediately upon his accession to the Vice-royalty of Valencia, he would make his peace with the parents of Sophia, obtain his pardon from the Emperor for being Captain of the Banditti, and even endeavour to restore him his confiscations. Don Carlos would have received great pleasure from these flattering promises if

his unhappy passion would have permitted him. At length the Emperor arrived in Spain, and proceeded immediately for Madrid, and Don Ferdinand to take possession of his government, The day after his entry into Valencia, Sophia's parents presented a petition against Don Carlos. The Viceroy promised to grant them justice, but assured Don Carlos also that he might rely on his protection. Fresh informations were lodged against him, the witnesses gave in their depositions a second time; at length Sophia's parents stimulated with resentment for the loss of their daughter, and panting for vengeance which they thought just, pushed matters so forward, that in five or six days the affair was ready for trial. They even went so far as to request the Viceroy would commit him to prison. But he pledged his word to them for his appearance, and immediately appointed the day of trial. On the eve of that fatal day which held the whole city of Valencia in suspense, Don Carlos requested a private audience with the Viceroy, which was granted him. He threw himself at his feet and spoke to him in the following manner. It is to-morrow, Sir, that you are to manifest my innocence to the world. Although the witnesses I have brought clear me of
what

what I am accused, yet I come once more to swear before your highness, as truly as if in the presence of God, that I am not only free from the charge of taking off Sophia; but that I had not even seen her the day before she eloped, nor heard any thing of her since. I acknowledge I intended to take her off, but some evil fate, which to this hour I cannot account for, disappointed me, either for her or my ruin. Enough, Don Carlos, replied the Viceroy, go peaceably to rest, I am your master and your friend, and better acquainted with your innocence than you imagine; and had I even cause to doubt it, I should think myself bound to shew you lenity, as it was upon the promise of my protection that you ventured here. Don Carlos poured out his heart in thanks before him and retired immediately to bed. But so great was his impatience to see himself cleared, that sleep for that night was a stranger to his eyes. He got up at day break, and having dressed himself more neat than usual he repaired to his master's levee. But I had like to have forgot, he did not enter the chamber 'till he was dressed, for since Sophia had disguised her sex, her woman Dorothea alone lay in her room, and did her those little offices, which.

which if done by another, would certainly have exposed her to a discovery. Don Carlos then entered the Viceroy's chamber as soon as Dorothea had set it open for the whole world. When the Viceroy saw him, he observed that he was up early for a man who wanted to prove his innocence, and moreover added, that his not being able to sleep was a strong sign of an uneasy conscience. Don Carlos, a little disconcerted, replied that it was not so much an apprehension of being found guilty which prevented his sleeping, as the hopes he had of escaping the persecution of his enemies from the interposition and justice of his Highness. But methinks you are rather spruce and composed says the Viceroy, on the day you are to be tried for your life. I dont know what to think of the crime they lay to your charge. Whenever Sophia was the subject of our conversation, you spoke of her with less warmth and more indifference than I did, and yet I am not accused as you are of having been beloved by her, and of being her murderer and probably young Claudio's too, on whom you want to lay the charge of her elopement. You tell me continued the Viceroy, that you loved her, and yet I find your are able to survive

live her loss, nay forget nothing which can tend to obtain your pardon; you, who ought to detest life and every thing which can bind you to it. Ah! faithless Don Carlos, it is evident some other passion has supplanted that you should have preserved undiminished for your lost Sophia, she, whose whole soul you possessed, and who would have encountered every danger for your sake. Don Carlos, wounded to the quick, with these words of the Viceroy, was going to reply, but he would not suffer him. Hold, Sir, said he, with an austerity of countenance he never before saw him assume, reserve your eloquence for your judges, for my part I will not be imposed on by it, nor will I for any of my servants give the Emperor a bad impression of my justice; and in the mean time added the Viceroy, turning to the Captain of the Guards, take him into custody, he who before broke from prison to save himself, will not now hesitate to break his word. Here his sword was taken from him, and every body was moved with compassion seeing him encompassed by Guards, pale and faint, and with difficulty withholding his tears. In the mean time, while poor Don Carlos is reproaching himself for having had too much dependance upon the promises of
great

great men, his judges appeared, and after the Viceroy was seated, took their places. The Italian Count who was still at Valencia and Sophia's father and mother were present with their witnesses. As for the criminal, he was plunged in such despair that he had not spirits to reply. They reminded him of the letters he had formerly written to Sophia. They likewise brought the neighbours and servants of the family as evidences against him, and finally produced the letter which Sophia had left in her chamber the day before she escaped with him. Don Carlos brought his servants to prove that they had seen him go to bed; but this might have been in order to conceal his design, and he might have got up afterwards. He still declared that he did not take her off; and represented to the judges the improbability of his taking her away in order to separate himself from her. But they went so far as to accuse him of having killed both her and the page who was privy to their amour. Nothing remained now but to pass sentence, and he was just going to be condemned, when the Viceroy ordered him to approach, and spoke to him as follows. Unfortunate Don Carlos, you may readily suppose, after all the marks of affection,

fection I have shewn you, that if I thought you guilty of the crime of which you are accused, I never would have brought you to Valencia. However I must pass sentence on you, or begin the exercise of my office by an act of injustice, and you may judge of the pain it gives me, by the tears I shed on the occasion. Matters could be easily adjusted with your prosecutors if they were persons of less quality or not so determined on your destruction. In fine unless Sophia herself appears as an evidence in your favour, you have nothing left but to prepare for death. Carlos now despairing of life, threw himself at the Viceroy's feet and cried, you, remember Sir, that in Africa, and since first I had the honour to enter into your service, that often as I was moved to the distressing recital of my misfortunes, I always related them without variation, and surely I could have no motive for disguising my heart in that country from a master who behaved to me with such tenderness and affection. I always spoke as sincere to your Highness, as to the Almighty. And I once more declare, that I love, that I adore Sophia. Say rather that you abhor her, thou ingrate, answered the Viceroy, to
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the surprise of every body. I adore her, replied Don Carlos, astonished at what the Viceroy had just spoken. I promised to marry her, continued he, and we agreed to go to Barcelona together. But if I took her off, or know where she is concealed, let the most cruel death be the reward of my perjury. I know I cannot escape it, but I shall die guiltless, unless it be a crime to have loved too well an inconstant faithless woman. But exclaimed the Viceroy, what is become of this lady and her page? have they ascended into heaven, or are they hid under ground? The page was amorous, replied Don Carlos, and she was handsome, he was but man and she but woman. Villain, says the Viceroy, now you discover your base suspicions, and prove how little regard you had for the unhappy Sophia. Curst be the woman who listens to the promises of man, and subjects herself to contempt by her credulity. But know, Sir, that Sophia was virtuous, and the page Claudio one of her own sex. Sophia was ever true, and the page an unhappy woman, who had a passion for you, and therefore took Sophia off, for being her rival. I am Sophia, unjust, ungrateful Carlos, she who has encountered incredible difficulties

ties for a man who does not deserve such affection when he could suppose her capable of the greatest infamy. Sophia could not proceed farther, when her father who recollected her, caught her in his arms, whilst, her mother swooned upon one side and Don Carlos upon the other. Sophia immediately disengaged herself from her father's embrace, and flew to the assistance of two persons who were equally dear to her. Her mother wept in transport over her, and both mingled their tears upon this joyful meeting. She embraced her dear Don Carlos with inexpressible tenderness, who was still ready to drop from her arms. However he soon recovered, and as he dared not yet give a loose to his transports, he impressed a thousand glowing kisses upon her hand. Sophia was perfectly overwhelmed with compliments and caresses. Amongst the rest the Italian Count came to pay her his respects, and took occasion at the same time to mention his former pretensions, urging her father and mother's promise, which he had obtained in support of his suit. Don Carlos, who overheard him, instantly clapped his hand to his sword, which had been just restored him, and with a look that struck every body with

terror,

terror, swore that all the powers upon earth should not tear his Sophia from him, unless she herself forbade him to think more of her. But she declared that she never would marry any body but her dear Don Carlos, and conjured her father and mother to consent to it, or resolve to see her shut up for life in a convent. Her parents left her choice in her own power, and the Italian Count set out post the same day for Italy, or for any other country he liked better. In the mean time the Emperor was made acquainted with these wonderful adventures, who immediately bestowed on Don Carlos the Viceroyalty of Valencia, and likewise all the posts the heroick Sophia had obtained under the name of Don Ferdinand. He gave him besides a principality, of which his descendants are to this day in possession. The city of Valencia defrayed the expence of their wedding, which was sumptuous and magnificent to the last degree; and Dorothea who resumed her sex with her mistress, was married at the same time to a gentleman nearly allied to Don Carlos.

CHAPTER.

C H A P. XV.

The Effrontery of Rappiniere.

THE Counsellor of Rennes had just done reading his novel, when Rappiniere arrived at the inn. He entered the room without suspicion, where he was told Mr. Garrouffiere was; but immediately changed countenance when he saw Destiny there, and his valet, as pale and as frightened as a criminal in a court of justice. Garrouffiere fastened the door upon the inside, and then asked the intrepid Rappiniere if he had not guessed the reason of his sending for him. Was it not about an actress? replied the villain sneering, of whom I wanted to have my part. What do you mean by your part, answered Garrouffiere, assuming a serious aspect? have you never sentenced a criminal to the gallows for being as vicious as yourself? Rappiniere still continued to turn every thing to jest, and to treat the affair as a piece of raillery. But the counsellor spoke to him in so determined a manner, and with a tone so austere, that at length he owned his wicked intentions, and made some flimsy apologies to Destiny, who had need
of

of all his good sense to prevent him from asking immediate justice on a man, who sought to injure him so capitally, after having been indebted to him for his life, as may be found in the beginning of this history. But he had another matter to adjust with this iniquitous magistrate which nearly concerned him, and which he had communicated to Mr. Garroussiere, who promised to obtain him justice from this bad man. Notwithstanding the attention with which I have studied Rappinier's character, I could never determine whether he was less wicked towards God, than towards man, or less unjust towards his neighbour than vicious and malignant in his disposition. I only know for certain, that no man ever possessed more vices, or in a more eminent degree. He confessed his design to take off Mrs. Star as boldly as if he was boasting of some good action. He had even the impudence to tell the counsellor and Destiny that he had not the least doubt of success, for continued he, turning to the latter, I had gained your valet, your sister had taken the bait, she expected to find you wounded, and was not two leagues from the house, where I was waiting for her, when some devil or other took her from the blockhead who was conducting

conducting her to me. As for his part he lost me an excellent horse, and got himself drubbed heartily into the bargain. Destiny frequently turned pale with rage, and sometimes blushed at the villain's effrontery, for he spoke to himself of the injury he intended him with as little concern, as if it had been the meereſt trifle. Garrouffiere was equally incensed, and did not feel less indignation against so dangerous a person. I don't know, says he, how you can dare to dwell on the circumstances of an action, for which Mr. Destiny would have given you a good beating, if I had not prevented him; but however give me leave to tell you, that he has not done with you yet, unless you restore him the casket of jewels which you stole from him once at Paris when you were a sharper there. Doguin who was at that time your accomplice and afterwards your valet, confessed the whole upon his death bed, and moreover said that you still had it in your possession. For my part, I declare if you make the least difficulty of returning it, you shall find me as much your enemy as ever I have been your friend. Rappiniere was thunderstruck at these words, his matchless talents for evasion entirely forsook him; and after much
stammering

stammering and confusion, he acknowledged that he had this casket at Mans, and promised with most horrid imprecations to restore it. This was perhaps one of the most ingenuous actions of his life, and yet not strictly honest; 'tis true indeed, he returned the casket as he had promised, but he advanced a falsehood, when he declared it was at Mans, as he had it at that very time about him, in order to make a present of it to Mrs. Star, to soften her into compliance. This he owned in private to Mr. Garrouffiere, into whose hands he put it, requesting he would dispose of it as he thought proper. It was composed of five stones of considerable value, with a picture of Mrs. Star's father in enamel, which that lovely woman so strongly resembled, that, this alone would be sufficient to discover her to her father. Destiny wanted words to express his gratitude when Mr. Garrouffiere gave him the casket of jewels. It exempted him from the necessity of using violence with Rappinier, who thought of nothing less than restoring it, and who might have taken advantage of his provostship, which is a very dangerous weapon in the hands of a bad man. The loss of this casket cost Destiny a great deal of anxiety, which was considerably

considerably augmented by the concern it gave Star's mother, who treasured up this trinket as a pledge of affection from her husband. It is natural therefore to suppose, that he was exceedingly rejoiced upon receiving it. He went immediately to give it to Star, whom he found at the Curate's sister's, in company with Angelica and Leander. They consulted together about their return to Mans, which was fixed for the next day. Mr. Garrouffiere made them an offer of his carriage, which, they thought proper to decline, however he kept both actors and actresses to sup with him. That night they retired early to rest; and at day break Destiny and Leander, each with his mistress behind him, set out for Mans, where Ragozin, Rancour and Olive, were already returned. Mr. Garrouffiere made Destiny a thousand proffers of his service, as for Bouvillion, she feigned illness, in order to avoid receiving the formal adieu of an actor, with whom she was not altogether so well satisfied.

C H A P. XVI.

Ragotin's Disaster.

THE two comedians who were returning with Ragotin to Mans were taken out of the high road by the little gentleman, who wanted to entertain them at a little farm house, in exact proportion to his stature. Though a faithful and minute historian should be particular not only in recording each important event, but the place where it happened, I shall not tell you for certain, in what part of our hemisphere, this little mansion stood, where Ragotin was conducting his future associates. I term them future as he was not yet enrolled in the vagrant order of strollers. I shall only observe that it was on this side Ganges and not far from Sillé-le Guillaume. When he arrived there, he found it occupied by a troop of Gipsies, who greatly against the farmer's inclination, had taken up their quarters there, under pretence of their Captain's wife being suddenly taken in labour. The truth was, they expected to make great havock among the poultry as this was a by place.

Ragotin

Ragotin at first flew in a passion, threatened the Gypsies with the Provost of Mans, to whom he said he was related, because he was a Portail. He then made a long harrangue in order to acquaint his auditors with the nature of the alliance, but his eloquence did not in the least diminish his fury, or prevent his swearing horridly. He likewise threatened them with the Lieutenant Provost Rappiniere, at the sound of whose name every knee bent. But the Captain of the Gypsies set him almost frantic with his politeness, he had the impudence to compliment him on his noble presence, which he said proved him a man of quality, and that for his part he was sincerely concerned for having unluckily intruded at his villa, he moreover added that as soon as the lady in the straw was delivered, he and his little company would decamp. Ragotin was mad to pick a quarrel with a man, who, he clearly saw was bantering him, and was upon the point of giving vent to his resentment, when Rancour and the Captain's brother recollected they were old acquaintance. This was a fortunate circumstance for Ragotin, who had like to have got himself into an ugly scrape by beginning at first upon too high a key. Rancour requested

he would be pacified, which by the by, he had a strong inclination to, and would soon be of himself, if his natural pride would permit him. In the mean time, her tawny ladyship was brought to bed of a son. Great were the rejoicings of the troop upon the occasion. The Captain invited the comedians to supper, and among the rest Ragotin, who had already ordered some chickens to be killed for a fricasée. They sat down to table. The Gipsies had some patridges and hares which they had taken, and two turkies, they had likewise as many roasting pigs which they had stolen, besides a ham, some neats tongues, and a hare pye, which they began with. Add Ragotin's six chickens to this, and you must allow, that they had not bad cheer. The company, not including the comedians, consisted of nine persons, all excellent dancers, but still better pick-pockets. The first toast was the King and royal family, and then a general health to all the humane gentry about the country, who permitted their little troops to shelter in the villages. The Captain requested the comedians to drink to the memory of the deceased Charles Dodo, uncle to the lady who had just lain in, and who was hanged during

during the siege of Rochelle, through the treachery of Captain Graves. They vented bitter imprecations against this apostate brother, and against provosts in general. Ragotin's wine went round briskly, but the debauch was made without the least confusion or animosity. Every man, not to except the misanthrope Rancour, made vows of the most inviolable attachment to the one who sat next him; kissed him with affection, and even shed tears over him. Ragotin did the honours of the table, to a miracle, and drank like a sponge. After being soaking all night, it is natural to suppose they would have retired to bed, when the sun rose. But the same wine which had rendered them such peaceable toppers, inspired them all at once with a general spirit of parting, if I may so express myself. The Caravan packed up their bundles, not forgetting to include some rags belonging to the Farmer and Ragotin, whilst the latter seated on his mule, and as composed as he was warm during the entertainment, set out for Mans, without ever troubling his head whether Rancour and Olive were following him, or indeed paying attention to any thing except an empty tobacco pipe which he had better than

an hour in his mouth. He had not proceeded half a league, still drawing his empty pipe, when the fumes of the wine mounted all at once into his head. He fell off his mule, which very prudently turned back to the farm house, whilst he himself, after he had discharged his stomach, fell fast asleep in the middle of the road. He had not lain there long, snoring as loud as an organ-pipe, when a man as naked as our great ancestor Adam, but with a frightful beard, and all over covered with filth, approached him, and immediately began to strip him. He struggled violently to get a new pair of boots off, which at an inn Rancour would have seized as if by mistake for his own, as I have already related in some part of this authentic history. He certainly must have awoke him, if he had not been dead drunk (as the phrase is) and made him bellow like one drawn between four horses. But all the effect it had on him was to move him on his breech for about half a dozen paces. A knife fell from the pocket of this sound sleeper, which the wild man seized, and as if he was going to flea Ragotin, he cut away his shirt, his boots, and every thing he found any difficulty in stripping him of. He then
made

made his spoil into a bundle and set out like a wolf with his prey. We shall leave the savage to fly off with his booty, who was the identical lunatic that terrified Destiny so much when he was first in quest of Angelica, and continue with Ragotin, who still remained sound asleep. His naked body exposed to the sun was soon covered and bit with flies and swarms of gnats, which however gave him no disturbance; but he was soon after roused by some peasants who were driving a cart that way. When they discovered the naked body of Ragotin, they all exclaimed, there he is, then approaching him with as little noise as possible, as if they were apprehensive of disturbing him, they bound him hand and foot with strong cords; then placed him in their cart and drove off with him as violently as if they were running away with an heiress against her own and her friends consent. So drunk was Ragotin that all the shocks he had received could not wake him; nor even the rude jolting of the cart, which the peasant drove so furiously that it overturned in a slough, and tossed him into the middle of it. The coolness of the place he had fallen into, which had got either stones, or some other hard substance at the bot-

tom, joined to the shock of his fall brought him to himself: but the place and condition he found himself in astonished him beyond measure. He saw himself tied hand and foot, and tumbled into a slough. He found his head reeling and disordered, with his debatch and his fall, and did not know what to attribute it all to, except three or four Peasants who were helping him out of the mire, and as many more who were lifting a cart up. He was so terrified at his adventure, that fond as he was of hearing himself talk, and excellent as the subject was he had to debate on, he could not open his lips. But what was worse, when he recovered the use of his tongue, he had nobody left to speak to. For the peasants having held a council together, just set his feet at liberty, and then without giving him any reason for this treatment, or making the least apology for it, they drove their cart off with as much expedition as it came. The reader is no doubt anxious to know, what these fellows wanted with Ragotin, and why after all they did nothing to him. The matter is certainly difficult to divine, and I defy the reader to do it of himself, without the assistance of revelation. For my part, notwithstanding all the pains I have

have taken for that purpose, it was but very lately I discovered it, and that too when I least expected it, in the manner I am just going to relate. A certain priest belonging to lower Maine, a little wild and flighty in his notions, came to Paris about some law business: and while he was waiting the issue of his suit, wanted to print some chimerical thoughts he had conceived concerning the apocalypse. So fruitfull was he in fancies, and so fond was he of his extravagances that he set the printer almost mad with the variety of his amendments and additions. This obliged him very often to change, till in fine he engaged with the publisher of this book, at whose house he accidentally read the very page which treats of the adventure I have been relating. He recollected immediately that he was intimately acquainted with the peasants who took off Ragotin, and their motives for this action. He perceived therefore where the history was defective, and having communicated his observations to the printer, who, by the by, was greatly surprized at it (for he as well as many others supposed this book to be merely the child of imagination.) A messenger was dispatched to fetch me to him. I there learned for certain, that

the peasants who found Ragotin whilst asleep, were near relations to the poor lunatic who ran wild about the country. They had attempted several times to take him but in vain, for he was exceedingly strong and powerful and had often beaten them soundly. Some rustics, who saw Ragotin's naked body basking in the sun, took him for the madman. But as they dare not approach him for fear of a drubbing, they went and told these peasants of it, who came and seized little Ragotin by surprise. But discovering their mistake, they untied his feet, and left his hands still confined in order to prevent any return of hostilities. These particulars which I obtained from the clergyman gave me a great deal of pleasure, and I acknowledged myself considerable his debtor; however I flatter myself that I have done him a small service in prevailing on him to suppress the publication of his ridiculous whims. Some will accuse me perhaps of being too minute, whilst others will applaud my veracity. Let us now return to Ragotin, with his body covered with mud, and all over bruised; his mouth parched, his head dizzy, and his hands fastened behind his back. He raised himself as well as he could, and having

ving looked all round without being able to discover a house or a human creature he took the first beaten road he met with; racking his brain as he went, to account for this extraordinary adventure. As he had lost the use of his hands, he was terribly perplexed with some obstinate flies, who were so perverse as to fasten upon the very parts of his body which were most out of his reach, and often obliged him to roll upon the ground in order to deliver himself from their persecution. At length he came to a deep road, inclosed with a hedge, leading down to a little ford. The sight of the water transported him, as he now thought he could clean himself. But as he came nearer the stream, he perceived a carriage overturned in it, from whence the coachman assisted by a peasant, was pulling out five or six nuns dripping wet, at the exhortation of some venerable churchman. It seems it was the old Abbess of Estival, who was returning from Mans, where she had been about some business of consequence, and was just cast away in the brook through the unskilfulness of her coachman. As soon as the Abbess and the Nuns descried the naked figure of Ragotin coming directly towards them, they were ready to die with

shame; but the modest father Giflot, was more confused if possible than the ladies. He turned his back immediately to them, for fear of an accident, and hollowed out to Ragotin, not to come nearer at his peril. Ragotin took no notice of him, but still continued to advance, till he came to a long plank, which was laid across the stream for the convenience of foot passengers. Father Giflot came up to him, followed by the coachman and the peasant, and was some time in doubt if he should not exorcise him such an infernal figure did he cut. In fine, he asked him who he was, from whence he came, why he was naked, and for what his hands were tied. All these questions were enforced with every energy of gesture, and harmony of cadence and tone. Ragotin who was not then much disposed to relish his eloquence, replied with the laconic interrogation of, what's that to you? and as he attempted to pass him on the plank, gave him so violent a jostle, that the reverend father Giflot tumbled into the ford. The honest divine drew the coachman after him, the coachman the peasant; and such entertainment did their fall afford Ragotin, that he was ready to crack his sides with laughing. He still proceeded

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ed towards the ladies, who had let down their veils, and turned their faces towards the hedge in order to avoid him. Ragotin never troubled his head about their faces; but passed by, thinking he had done with them; however father Giflot was of another mind; he pursued Ragotin, followed by the peasant and the coachman who was the most enraged of the three. For the Lady Abbess had already put him in an ill humour by the scold she gave him for overturning her. He overtook Ragotin in a twinkling, and lending him a violent lash with his whip, took ample vengeance upon his skin for the water with which his own had been just drenched. Ragotin did not wait for a second, but fled like a dog with a whip at his tail. The coachman far from being appeased with one stroke, still pursued him and at every blow brought the blood. Father Giflot who was out of breath with running, never ceased crying whip him, whip him, the dog, which the coachman did with all his heart, and was beginning to take a pleasure in it, when a mill, like an asylum presented itself to poor Ragotin. He ran towards it with his executioner still at his back, and finding a door into a back yard open, he rushed into it, and

and was instantly received by a mastiff, who seized him by the buttocks. He set up the most hideous cries with agony, and made towards an adjoining garden with so much precipitation, that he overset six bee-hives which were placed at the entrance of it; and this stroke of ill-fortune compleated his sufferings. These little winged furies fastened in myriads upon his naked body, and as he could not save himself with hands, stung him in a terrible manner. He terrified the very dog that had seized him so much with his cries, that the animal dropped his grip and ran off scared and frightened from him. The merciless coachman followed the dog's example, while father Giffot, whose passion for some time had got the better of his charity, began to think he had carried his resentment too far, and therefore went himself in order to hasten the miller and his people to the poor wretch's assistance. The miller immediately delivered Ragotin from the fangs and lances of his enraged assailants, and though he was very much vexed, to see his bee-hives overset, yet this did not check his compassion. He asked him what the devil brought him there, why he was naked and his hands tied behind his back. But he was in such
agony

agony that he could not make him an answer. A young Bear, before it has been licked into form by its dam was not more shapeless, than Ragotin, swelled as he was from head to foot with the stings of the bees. The miller's wife, like a good natured woman, got a bed ready for him and made him lie down. Father Gislot, the coachman and peasant, went back to the Abbess of Estival and her Nuns, who reimarked in their carriage, and escorted by the Reverend Father Gislot, proceeded on their journey. It luckily happened that the mill was the property of one Rignon, or his son-in-law Bogoliere. Now this Rignon was a relation of Ragotin's, of which, when the miller and his wife were made acquainted, they treated him with the greatest respect, and even sent for a surgeon for him from a neighbouring village, by whose assistance he was soon recovered. When he was able to travel he returned to Mans, where his joy upon meeting Rancour, Olive and his mule, entirely banished the recollection of his fall from the cart, the blows of the coachman, the bite of the mastiff, and the stings of the bees.

C H A P. XVII.

*What passed between little Ragotin and the
Gigantic Baguenediere.*

DESTINY and Star, Leander and Angelica, these two pair of sincere lovers, arrived at the capital of Maine without meeting with any accident. Destiny reconciled Angelica and her mother, and pleaded at the same time so powerfully the cause of Leander, that the good-natured Cave, began to approve of the passion which this young fellow and her daughter had conceived for each other. This poor little troop did not immediately meet with all the success they could have wished in the town of Mans; but a person of quality, who was passionately fond of the Theatre, by his liberality, made up in a great measure their deficiencies. As a considerable part of his estate lay in Mayne, he had taken a house at Mans, and had frequently acquaintances of rank, to visit him there, both from the Court and the Provinces. He had even the Wits from Paris, among whom were found poets of the first order; in short he was the

the Meccenes of the Moderns. He was exceedingly fond of the stage, and of all those who belonged to it; a circumstance which drew every year some of the best travelling companies in the kingdom to to Mans. The nobleman I am speaking of, arrived there at the very time our poor players were quitting it for want of encouragement. He requested they would oblige him by staying fifteen days longer, and in order to insure their compliance made them a present of 100 pistoles, with a promise of as much more at their departure. He was very proud he had it in his power to amuse with a play, several persons of rank, of both sexes, who had come to Mans upon his invitation. This nobleman whom I shall call the Marquis D'orsé, was a great sportsman, and had brought all his hunting equipage with him, which was deemed the finest in France. As Maine was the best sporting country in the kingdom, the town of Mans was at this time full of hunters, whom the report of this great entertainment bought there in crowds. The greatest part were accompanied by their wives, who were transported at the sight of women of quality, as now they had a privilege of boasting of that honour ever after.

after. Your country gentry pique themselves highly on an intimacy with the great, and when ever they happen to speak of them always treat them with the utmost familiarity. For instance, one observes that he lost so much to Roquelaure, another that Crequin won so much. Coaquin is hunting the stag in Toraine. And if once they get upon a political subject nothing can stop them. But to proceed. The town of Mans was crowded with company great and small. All the inns were full, and as for the citizens, where most of the nobility lodged, they had scarce a clean napkin or tablecloth left. The players opened their theatre in high spirits, for they were paid beforehand. The people of Mans began to have a fresh relish for plays. While both town and country ladies, flocked in abundance there, to view persons of quality, from whom they learned to dress, at least better than they did before, to the great emolument of milleners and mantuamakers, to whom they sent abundance of old dresses to be altered. There was a ball given every evening, where the most miserable dancers, danced the most wretched reels in coarse linen stockings, and shining well polished shoes. Our comedians

dians were often invited to perform in private families. Star and Angelica inspired all the men with love and the women with envy. Inéxilla who danced a faraband at the request of the players was greatly admired. Roqubruné as he beheld her with rapture, took fresh draughts of love. Ragotin declared to Rancour, that if he delayed much longer obtaining him the heart of Star, that France would be shortly without a Ragotin. Rancour gave him every assurance of success, but in order to furnish him with a more particular mark of his esteem, he asked him for 25 or 30 livres for a few days. Little Ragotin turned pale at this abrupt request, repented him of the declaration he had just made, and was even on the point of renouncing his passion, but at length, finding it kindling up a fresh, he drew out the money from a number of little purses, in every kind of coin, which had the king's stamp upon it, and with a woe-ful countenance reckoned it out to Rancour, who promised next day to speak in his behalf. That day Don Japhet was performed, a piece altogether as merry, as the author has cause to be said. The audience was numerous, and the play was well acted, in short every body was pleased
except

except the unfortunate Ragotin. He came rather late to the theatre and for the punishment of his sins, placed himself directly behind a country gentleman, with a huge pair of shoulders, covered with a large great coat, which swelled his figure to a prodigious bulk. He was so exceeding tall, that though he was sitting, Ragotin thought he was standing up, and therefore incessantly called out to him to sit down like other people, not thinking it possible that a man who was sitting could be so much taller than the rest of the company. This gentleman whose name was Baguenodiere, was a long time before he heard Ragotin speak to him. At length Ragotin called out to him, Mr. with the smart plume, and in truth a large tuft he had on his head, neither the finest nor the cleanest in the world. He turned about to the little choleric gentleman who bad him so rudely to sit down. Baguenodiere just surveyed him, and turned round again without the least emotion. Ragotin still cried out for him to sit down, while he turned his head merely to look at him, and then turned immediately towards the stage again. Ragotin bawled out, Baguenodiere surveyed the little man a third time, and then turned to the actors.

actors as if nothing had happened. During the whole performance, Ragotin never ceased calling out to him to sit down, and Baguenodiere continued to regard him with the same indifference, that he absolutely set him mad. We may compare Baguenodiere to a huge mastiff, and Ragotin to a little cur that barks after him, whilst he takes no notice, but calmly passes on, and turns up his leg against the first wall he meets. At length the attention of the whole audience was fixt upon this contention between the biggest, and the smallest man in the company: and at the very time when Ragotin began to grow most impatient, every body else began to laugh, whilst Baguenodiere took no farther notice, but still continued to survey him with his usual phlegm. Baguenodiere was one of the biggest men, and one of the biggest brutes existing. He asked two gentlemen that sat near him what they laughed at, they, candidly told him, at himself and Ragotin. Expecting that he would take this as a compliment. not an affront. However they were mistaken, for a look, which called them two impertinent puppies, that he shot from under his brows at them, soon convinced them that he was offended, and
moreover

moreover made them conclude that blows were the best reply they could make him. Baguenodiere had at first only the use of his elbows, for his hands were confined by his great coat, and before he could set them at liberty, the two gentlemen who were brothers, and naturally very active, gave him half a dozen strokes, but so regular, and at such equal distances, that, that part of the audience who could not see the action, imagined somebody had given half a dozen claps for their amusement. At last Baguenodiere got his hands from under his coat, but pressed as he was by two brothers, who fastened on him like lions, he could not make any use of his long arms. He attempted to step back, but fell over a man who stood just behind him, and tumbled both him and his bench upon the unfortunate Ragotin, who overturned another, who likewise overturned another, and so on to the extremity of the benches; of which, a whole row was overset like so many nine pins. The noise which those who fell made, the cries of the women and children, joined to the clamours of the audience, between laughing, groaning and clapping made a most infernal din. Surely never did so many accidents ensue from

from so trivial a cause, and what is very surprising, there was not a sword drawn during the whole fray, though the dispute was principally amongst persons who carried these weapons, and there was above a hundred in company. But what is still more astonishing, Baguenodiere boxed, and was beaten, without discovering the least emotion at the whole transaction; it was even observed that he never opened his lips after dinner, except to pronounce these few unlucky words which brought on him this terrible shower of blows, of such phlegm was this man-mountain possessed, and so exactly proportioned to his bulk, was his taciturnity. This strange chaos of persons, and confusion of benches one over the other, were a long time before they were compleatly set to rights, Whilst some were busied about this, and others more humane, endeavouring to part Baguenodiere and his two enemies, the most frightful howlings were heard, and seemed as if they issued from under ground. Who should this be, but Ragotin. Certainly, if fortune once begins to persecute a man, there is no end to his sufferings. The seat of the poor little man was placed exactly over the board which covers the sewer of the tennis-court;

court, where the play was performing. Now the sewer is generally situated in the middle of the court, it stands to receive rain water, and the board which covers it lifts up like that belonging to a box. But time which brings about every thing, had so wasted and rotted this board, that it broke under Ragotin, when a man tolerably heavy, entirely overwhelmed him with his fall. This person had got one leg into the hole where Ragotin was stuffed head and shoulders, and as the devil would have it, that leg was booted, the spur of which fastened in Ragotin's throat, which was the cause of his sending forth such terrible howlings. Somebody offered the man his hand, and while he was endeavouring to disengage his leg, Ragotin gave him so furious a bite, that he thought he was bit by a serpent; this made him set up a terrible cry, which startled the person that was assisting him so much, that he let go his hold with the fright, at length recovering himself, he once more gave the man his hand, who now removed his leg peaceably, as Ragotin ceased biting him. They all then assisted in lifting up the little man, who, as soon as he saw the light, denounced vengeance against the whole world with his

his look, but principally against those who attempted to laugh at him; then thrust himself amongst the crowd, which was pressing out, meditating something glorious to himself, and fatal to Baguenodiere. I could never learn how Baguenodiere and the two brothers adjusted their differences; I can only tell, that great as their quarrel was, I never heard of a dispute since. thus was the first performance of our comedians disturbed, before the illustrious company which was then at Mans.

C H A P. XVIII.

THE day following, the Nicodeme of the inimitable Corneille was performed. This in my opinion, is a most admirable piece; and one in which that excellent dramatic poet, has given the most striking evidences of the originality, fertility, and vastness of his genius. For every character is great and highly finished, yet distinct, and essentially different. The representation did not meet with the

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least

least interruption, owing perhaps, to Ragotin's not having been there. Scarce a day passed, but he got himself into some scrape, to which his vanity, turbulence, and presumption contributed as much as his ill-fortune, which never ceased persecuting him. The little man went in after dinner to Innexila's husband's chamber the quack, who called himself a Venetian, as I have already mentioned, but who was no better than a mere mountebank, and sharper. Rancour, in order to get rid of Ragotin's importunities, whom he had promised to obtain M. Star's affections, persuaded him that this fellow was a great magician, and that he could make the most prudent woman in the world run after a man in her shift; but that he never wrought such miracles except for his particular friends, of whose discretion he was well assured, for that he was apprehensive of punishment, if it was known that he practised his art. He advised Ragotin to take every method of acquiring his friendship, which he said was no difficult matter, as he was a man of wit himself, and a great admirer of it in others; and that when once he conceived an affection for a person, he always behaved to him without the least reserve. You have only to flatter

ter a vain man and do what you please with him. But it tis quite different with one of a cool dispassionate temper, he is not easily persuaded ; and experience proves that a person of this disposition, who can meet a refusal with good-breeding, has a better prospect of obtaining what he solicits, than he who cannot receive one without anger and emotion. Rancour made Ragotin believe just what he pleased, and Ragotin from that hour, was firmly persuaded that the quack was a magician. I shall not repeat, what he said to him, it is sufficient, that having got his cue from Rancour, he kept up the farce so well, and denied his being a magician in such a manner, as would certainly make him be concluded one. Ragotin passed the whole afternoon with him, but could get no satisfactory reply, which prevented his sleeping that night. The day following he came into his room, and found him still in bed. As for Innexilla, she was exceedingly indisposed, for she was rather passed the season when she could get out of bed fresh as a rose, and was therefore obliged to be shut up in private a considerable space every morning before she was fit to encounter the eye of the public. She slipped into an adjoining

closet, followed by her maid, who brought her all the artillery of love; whilst Ragotin began to harp upon the old string, and remind the Sieur Ferdinandi of the magic; the Sieur Ferdinandi boasted of feats which he never performed, but took care at the same time to make no rash promises. Ragotin, in order to display his munificence, bespoke dinner at his own cost, and invited both actors and actresses to partake of it. I cannot be particular in relating what passed at this banquet; however, you may be assured, that they were all very merry, and eat with most excellent appetites. After dinner, Innexilla was requested by Destiny and the rest of the company, to recite one of those Spanish novels which she daily composed or translated, with the assistance of the divine Roquebrune, who swore by Apollo and the sacred Nine, that he'd teach her in six months all the graces and delicacies of our language. Innexella did not stand in need of much intreaty, and whilst Ragotin retired to the forcerer Ferdinandi, she read with the most enchanting tone of voice the novel you'll find in the following chapter.

C H A P. XIX.

The Rival Brothers.

DOROTHEA and Feliciana de Montsalva, were the two finest women in Seville, and waving their pretensions to beauty, from their rank and fortune, might have expected numbers of admirers. Don Manuel, their father, had not as yet declared more in favour of one than another, and Dorothea his daughter, who as being eldest, was first to be disposed of in marriage, had always acted with such reserve and discretion, that the most presumptuous of her suitors could not flatter himself with hopes of success. These charming women never went to prayers without a retinue of lovers to escort them. Whenever they stretched for the holy water, a thousand hands made tenders of their service, they never raised their countenances above their manuals, but they found every eye fixt in rapture on them, and they could scarce proceed a step in the church without having a salute to return; but if their beauty exposed them to such

fatigues in public, it was the means of frequently bringing under their windows, amusements, which considerably alleviated the rigor of that confinement, to which their sex and the custom of the country subjected them. Scarce a night passed but they were serenaded with music, they were frequently entertained with courses at the ring, in the same manner as given in public. One day amongst others, a stranger met with universal admiration for his address, and was even noticed by the two charming sisters, for his shape and mien. Several Gentlemen of Seville, who were acquainted with him in Flanders, where he commanded a regiment, persuaded him to run a course at the ring with them, which he did in a soldier's habit. A few days after, the ceremony of consecrating a bishop was solemnized in that city. The stranger, who was called Don Sancho de Silva, was present, as were likewise the lovely sisters, concealed like the other ladies of Seville, under veils, and little hats, with plumes of feathers in them. Don Sancho came accidentally between the two sisters and another lady, whom he accosted, but who politely requested he would desist, and grant her the place which he occupied for a person whom

whom she expected. Don Sancho immediately complied; and turning to Dorothea de Montsalva, who was nearer to him than her sister, and who had seen what had passed between him and this lady. I was in hopes, said he, being a stranger, that the Lady whom I addressed would not have denied me the honour of her conversation, but she has punished me for my presumption, in supposing too rashly, that mine was worthy of her attention. I hope, Madam, continued he, you'll shew a little more lenity to a stranger, who has been just treated so cruelly, and for the honour of the Ladies of Seville, give him cause to praise their goodness. I have all the right in the world to treat you as ill as this Lady, replied Dorothea, since your address to me was in consequence of her refusal. However, Sir, in order to reconcile you to the Ladies of Seville, I promise to speak to nobody but you while the ceremony continues, and from which you may judge that I have got no assignation here on my hands. It is that which surprises me, answered Don Sancho, shaped as you are. You must have certainly something very forbidding about you, or else the gallants of this city are exceedingly timid, or perhaps I do but occupy the

post of a more favourite lover. And do you conclude me, replied Dorothea, so incapable of a sincere passion, as not in the absence of a man I esteem, to avoid public places, when I can only meet him in retirement. I request, Sir, you would be less precipitate in forming a judgment another time of a person with whose disposition you are unacquainted. You will be better able to judge of my sentiments, answered Don Sancho, if you will permit me to serve you as far as my inclination prompts. First impressions, Sir, says Dorothea to him, are not always the safest monitors; besides, there are many obstacles to prevent my granting your request. There are none, which I am not ready to surmount in order to render myself worthy of you, replied Don Sancho. Be assured, Sir, that is not an undertaking of a few days, answered Dorothea; you seem to forget that you are no resident at Seville; the passion you profess for me, may be the offspring of caprice, and will probably, be extinguished by change and new objects. Grant me, Madam, only what I ask, said he, and I promise to pass my whole life in Seville. I must acknowledge, Sir, answered Dorothea, that your professions, are exceedingly gallant,
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and what surprizes me, is, that a man of your address, should not before now have been biased by choice to some particular object; but perhaps, Sir, your understanding protects your heart; our sex, I imagine, stands low in your estimation. think more favourably of me, Madam, I beseech you, said Don Sancho, and attribute it rather to conscious want of merit. Answer me candidly, said Dorothea, and tell me which of our ladies, could have power to detain you in Seville. I have already declared that you yourself can, if you please, replied Don Sancho. For my part, said Dorothea, you have not seen me yet, therefore I am entirely out of the question. I must own then, since you command it, answered Don Sancho, that if Dorothea de Montsalva had as much wit as you, I should esteem that man happy whose addresses she would countenance. There are many Ladies in Seville as handsome as she, and who even surpass her, said Dorothea; but added she, has she no favourite? Have you never heard that she treats some one of her lovers with more particular marks of her regard. As I think too humbly of myself, to aspire so high as gaining her affections, answered Don Sancho, I have been seldom solicitous about

what you mention. But why, Sir, should not you aspire to her, demanded Dorothea, as well as another? The caprice of women is at times very whimsical. The novelty of a first overture, has often wrought more upon a female heart, than assiduity and love could do for years. You very ingeniously, Madam, wave my pretensions, said Don Sancho, by inspiring me with hopes of obtaining another, from whence I conclude that the merit of a lover is traced too deeply by the hand of time on your mind, to be effaced by levity and first impressions. Let not that give you a moment's concern, replied Dorothea, rather suppose me not easily persuaded, and not immediately made believe that your declaration is the result of a growing passion, especially, as you have never seen me yet. If that is the only requisite, answered Sancho, to make my addresses acceptable, I intreat you to conceal yourself no longer from a man who is already charmed and enamoured with your wit. I fear if I comply with your request, said Dorothea, that dislike will be the reward of my temerity. I know, Madam, you are handsome, replied Don Sancho, by your having so frankly declared the contrary; but I clearly perceive that you are

are weary of me, or else, that your heart is already disposed of. It is therefore cruel, added he, to trespass too far upon your affability, and fatigue you out of patience. However, give me leave to assure you, that nothing was more foreign to my intentions, than merely to trifle away an hour in your conversation, and to convince you of it, take the disposal of my whole life. In order to shew you, Sir, said Dorothea, that I am unwilling to lose the time which I have spent in your conversation, I should be glad before we part to know who you are. With that, Madam, you shall be instantly acquainted, Know then, amiable unknown, said he, that I bear the name of Silva, which is my mother's. My father is Governor of Quitto in Peru, and I am now in Seville by his orders. I passed the greater part of my life in Flanders, where I arrived at some rank in the army, and obtained a commandry of the order of St. James. Thus, Madam, in a few words, continued he, I have let you know who I am. But you are now the arbitress of my fate, and are to determine, what I shall be hence forward. That, Sir, shall be as soon as in my power, said Dorothea; in the mean time, to prevent any farther anxiety to learn more

particulars of me, if you expect ever to see me again, rest satisfied with knowing, that I am a woman of quality, and that my face won't frighten you. Don Sancho bowed most respectfully, and quitted her; then went and joined a group of young fellows, who were engaged together in conversation. Some of those ill-natured females, who are always uneasy about the conduct of others, but perfectly at rest with regard to their own, who set up for judges of vice and virtue, and fifty to one without a scruple of the latter to boast of; who presuming upon rudeness and the grimace of devotion, would be thought to vend reputations, though their youth was spent with as little character, as their decline tends to edification; these women, I say, will no doubt, pronounce Dorothea a thoughtless, imprudent creature, for making such advances to a man whom she knew only by sight, and even suffering him to make love to her. That for their part, if one they had any power over, had gone half so far, she should not be a quarter of an hour out of a nunnery; but for their better information, I shall acquaint them, that every country has its particular customs, and that if the Ladies of France, who pique themselves so much
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on their reputations, are shocked, or at least ought to be so, at the slightest declaration of love; that in Spain, where women are immured like so many nuns, the case is quite different. There the Ladies generally make the first advances, as a lover can never get a sight of his mistress till she thinks proper to reveal herself. Dorothea imparted to her sister Feliciana, the conversation which she had with Don Sancho, and candidly confessed, that she liked him better than all the Cavaliers in Seville, and she had the pleasure to find that her sister approved of her passion. These charming sisters conversed for a long time upon the superior privileges, which man enjoyed, beyond their sex, for that a husband was generally the choice of parents, and seldom therefore their own, whilst man was free to indulge the dictates of his heart, and choose an agreeable partner for life. For my part, said Dorothea to her sister, I am persuaded that love cannot make me guilty of an undutiful or indiscreet action, yet I am determined never to give my hand, where I cannot bestow my heart; and I think it much better to shut one's self up in a convent at once, than form a connection of which interest, not affection is the cement.

Feliciana

Feliciana told her sister, that she also had formed this resolution, and each strengthened the other by every argument their fine understandings could suggest upon the subject. When Dorothea promised to reveal herself to Don Sancho, she did not consider the difficulty of it; this made her very uneasy, which she acquainted her sister of; but Feliciana, who was fruitful in experiments, reminded her sister of a Lady, a relation of theirs, and one of their most intimate friends too (for relations are not always so) who she knew would do any thing to serve her. You may remember, said this amiable sister, Marine, who was so long your woman; this girl is married to a surgeon, who rents a little house from our relation, joining her own. There is a free communication between the two houses, so that you can go in at one door and he at the other, without raising the least suspicion; besides he can go disguised, and your meetings may be at night. Whilst Dorothea is making every necessary preparation to facilitate her interview with Don Sancho; he is perplexed with forming conjectures about his unknown, he sometimes fancies that she intended only to make a jest of him, when she promised
to

to discover herself to him. In the mean time he sees her daily without knowing her, either at church or in her balcony, receiving the adorations of her lovers, who are all Don Sancho's acquaintance, and the greatest he had in Seville. One morning as he was dressing, he was told, that a person in a veil, wanted to speak with him. He ordered her to be shewn in, and she gave him the following billet :

THE BILLET.

“YOU should have heard from me before, was it in my power. If your desire to be acquainted with me still continues, go about the dusk to where she who delivers you this note will tell you, from whence she will conduct you to the place I'll meet you at.”

You may easily imagine his transports upon reading this. He took the auspicious ambassadress of his good fortune in his arms, and made her a present of a gold chain, which, after some little difficulty, she was so polite as to accept of. She appointed to meet him about night-fall, in a by-place, which she shewed him, then took her leave, and left him the happiest

pieft and moft impatient man exifting. At length night came, and Don Sancho, with all the ardor of a lover, repaired to the place of affignation, where he found his embaffadrefs waiting for him. She conducted him to a little houfe, with no very promiffing afpect, and then led him into a very elegant apartment, where he found three ladies in veils. He immediately recollected his unknown by her perfon, and began at firft to reproach her for her cruelty, in ftill continuing to conceal herfelf. She did not ftand long upon ceremony; for ſhe and her ſiſter, threw up their veils, and diſcovered to the enraptured Don Sancho, the two beautiful Montſalva's. You ſee, Sir, ſaid Dorothea, that I told you truth, when I obſerved that a ſtranger may do more in an inſtant, than thoſe we ſee every day can do for years; and you will be the moſt ungrateful of mankind, continued ſhe, if you do not ſet a proper value upon my eſteem; or if you interpret it to my diſadvantage. I ſhall always regard what comes from your hand, as if it was a gift from heaven, replied the tranſported Don Sancho, and you ſhall find from my attention to preſerve the treaſure which you have beſtowed

flowed me, that if I ever lose it, it must be from my fate, not my infidelity.

Thus, when soft love subdues the heart
With smiling, hopes, and chilling fears,
The soul rejects the aid of art,
And speaks in moments more than years.

Marine and Feliciano, who were perfectly well acquainted with life, withdrew to a proper distance from the lovers; by this means they had all the opportunity they could wish to vent freely the fullness of their hearts. Dorothea promised Don Sancho to meet him as often as she possibly could; for which he expressed his thanks in the warmest terms. In the mean time the two other ladies amused themselves with their own particular conversation, till Marine finding it growing late, reminded the lovers that it was time to separate. Dorothea looked melancholy; Don Sancho changed countenance, yet he was obliged to pronounce that cruel word, adieu. He wrote to her next day, and received just such an answer as he could have wished. I am sorry I can't produce their love letters; but unluckily they never fell into my hands. They often met at the same place,

place, and in the same manner as before, till at length their passion became so violent, that only there was no bloodshed, Pyramus and Thisbe were nothing to them for affection and sincerity. It is said that love, fire and money, can't be hid long. Dorothea, who had always her galant stranger in her head, was speaking of him incessantly; and moreover set him so much above the rest of Seville, that some Ladies who had their private attachments as well as she, and had often heard her praise Don Sancho, in preference to their lovers, took great offence at it. Feliciana had frequently advised her to speak with more reserve: and had above a hundred times in company, when she observed her hurried away by the pleasure she took in discursing of her lover, trod upon her toe, in order to remind her of her imprudence. A Gentleman, who had been long an admirer of Dorothea's, was told of this by a Lady of his acquaintance, and immediately concluded that Dorothea was in love with Don Sancho; for he had observed, that since he came to Seville, that charming woman had not paid the least regard to the rest of her lovers. This rival of Don Sancho's was rich, and was besides agreeable to Don Manuel, who nevertheless,

less, did not press his daughter upon that subject, as when ever he spoke to her of him, she always requested, that he would not marry her so young. This Gentleman (whom I now recollect was called Don Diego) was resolved to be certain of what as yet he only suspected. He had one of those smart fellows, a valet-de-chambre, who, generally wear as good linen as their masters, or else make free with it; who generally lead the fashions amongst the rest of the party-coloured gentry, and are as much envied by them, as adored by the Abigails. This fellow's name was Gusman, he had a turn for poetry, and generally composed all the ballads in Seville. These he sung to his guittar with every embellishment of mouthing and shakes. He danced the saraband, was never without castanets, would fain be thought an actor, and took care to celebrate in his compositions some act of his own valour, which to be candid, was not always gospel. All these fine talents, assisted by an eloquence, which he had acquired from his master, rendered him, without contradiction, the very mark (if I may so express myself) for the soft desires of a handsome waiting-woman. Don Diego ordered him to go and pay his
addressee

addresses to Isabella, a young woman, who was a servant to the Montsalvas. He instantly obeyed; and Isabella, when she saw him, was transported to find herself beloved by Guzman, who began in good earnest to conceive a passion he would never have entertained, but for his master. If Guzman excited the desire of the proudest Abigails, Isabella was no contemptible object for a valet, who had the highest notions of any one in Spain. She was a favourite with her mistresses who were exceedingly liberal, and had moreover no small expectations from her father, who was a reputable tradesman. In short, Guzman began to think seriously of becoming her husband, and as she was all complying, they made a mutual exchange of vows and promise of marriage, and from that time forward lived together like man and wife. Isabella was greatly misled, that Marine, the surgeon's wife, at whose house Dorothea and Don Sancho had their private meetings, and who had formerly waited on her mistress, should be still her confidante in an affair, in which the liberality of a lover was so conspicuous. She had heard of the gold chain which Don Sancho had given Marine, and of several other presents which he had likewise made her,
which

which her fancy magnified to double the number and value. She hated Marine mortally, which makes me conjecture, that this pretty chamber-maid was rather mercenary. It is therefore no way extraordinary, if at the first time, Guzman asked her, whether Dorothea had any particular attachment, she divulged her mistress's secret to a man, on whom she had already bestowed herself. She told him every thing she knew respecting the intrigue of our young lovers, and dwelt for a long time upon the good fortune of Marine, to whom Don Sancho had been so liberal, and railed bitterly against her avarice, as she termed it, for robbing a servant of the family of her just right. Guzman desired she would let him know when Dorothea was next to meet her lover. She told him, of which he took care to inform his master, with every thing else he had learned from Isabella. Don Diego disguised in a mean dress, posted himself near the door of Marine's house, the night his servant had mentioned to him. In a little time, he saw his rival go in there, and soon after a carriage stopped before the door of Dorothea's cousin, out of which came this beautiful girl and her sister, leaving Don
Diego

Diego in a transport of rage and jealousy. From that moment he determined to rid himself of so formidable a rival, by putting him out of the world. He hired assassins, and went in pursuit of Don Sancho for several nights; at length he met with him, when he and his bravoës immediately set upon him. Don Sancho was as well armed as they were, for besides his sword and dagger, he had a case of pistols stuck in his girdle. He defended himself at first like a lion, as he clearly perceived that his assailants had a design upon his life. Don Diego pressed him harder than the rest, who had nothing to stimulate them but their reward. He retreated for some time before them, in order to remove the noise from the house where his Dorothea was, but at length apprehending that he might fall a victim to his discretion, he drew one of the pistols out, and left his enemy extended upon the ground, half dead, and calling out lustily for a priest. The bravoës disappeared at the explosion of the pistol, and Don Sancho got safe home. In the mean time the neighbours rushed into the street, where they found Don Diego just expiring, and accusing Don Sancho with his death. Our cavalier was informed

informed of this by his friend, who told him that though he might be safe from the pursuit of justice, he would not from the relations of Don Diego, who would certainly endeavour to put him to death, wherever they might happen to meet him. He therefore retired into a convent, from whence he wrote to Dorothea, and at the same time gave such orders about his affairs, as might enable him to leave Seville as soon as he could do it with safety. In the mean while the most diligent search was made after Don Sancho, but to no purpose. After the heat of the pursuit was over, and every body thought he had escaped, Dorothea and her sister under the pretence of devotion, went accompanied by their relation to the very convent where he was concealed. There the two lovers saw one another, and exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. Their parting was so affecting, that her sister, her cousin, and the good-natured friar who were witnesses to it, could not help shedding tears, as they have often done since upon recollecting it. He quitted Seville in disguise, but before his departure he left letters with his father's factor, to be forwarded to India: in these letters he acquainted him with the accident which had obliged him to leave Seville,

Seville, and that he had retired to Naples. He arrived there without having met with any accident, and found a most cordial reception from the Viceroy. Though he was universally carested in Naples, yet he soon grew weary of it; for during a whole year, he had not heard a syllable of his Dorothea. About this time the Viceroy fitted out six galleys to cruize against the Turks. Don Sancho's military spirit, would not suffer him to lose so fine an opportunity of signalizing his valour. The person who commanded this little fleet, received him within his own galley, and lodged him in the state cabin, perfectly transported to have a man of his rank and merit aboard him. The six Neapolitan galleys fell in with eight Turkish, almost in sight of Messina, and immediately attacked them. After an obstinate combat victory declared in favour of the Christians, who took three of the enemy's galley's and sent two more to the bottom. The principal galley of the Christians had grappled with that of the Turks, which being better armed than the rest, had likewise made the greatest resistance. In the mean time the sea began to run very high, and as the storm increased, both Christians and Turks began to think more of saving themselves

themselves than fighting. They therefore removed the irons by which the two gallies were joined, and the Turks sheered off at the very moment the too intrepid Don Sancho had boarded without one following him. As he now found himself alone, exposed to the mercy of his enemies, he preferred death to slavery, and plunged into the sea, expecting as he was an excellent swimmer, by that means to make the Christian gallies; but the sea was so rough that they could not see him, though the Christian commander who had been witness to this action of Don Sancho's, and thought he had perished in it, had ordered the galley to tack about to the side he had jumped in at. In the mean time Don Sancho ploughed the waves with all his might, and after he had swam for a considerable time towards the land, whither both winds and waves bore him, he fortunately met with a plank belonging to one of the Turkish gallies, which had been shot away during the action. He instantly seized it, and considered it as assistance sent him from heaven. It was but about a league and a half from where the battle was fought to the coast of Sicily, and Don Sancho gained it sooner than he expected, assisted as

he was by wind and tide. He landed without receiving the least hurt from the surf, and proceeded up the country as fast as his fatigue would suffer him. At length he descried from an eminence which he ascended, a hamlet, inhabited by fishermen, who's humanity he had occasion to remember. His exertion during the fight, joined to his fatigue while in the sea, and the cold he endured before he could procure dry things, threw him into a violent fever which confined him to his bed for several days ; at length he recovered from the mere power of regimen. During his illness he determined to let the world continue in the persuasion it had of his death, in order to protect him from his enemies, the relations of Don Diego, &c. makes trial of Dorothea's constancy. While he was in Flanders he contracted an intimacy with a Scicilian Nobleman of the house of Montalte, whose name was Fabio. He sent one of the fishermen to Messina, where he knew he resided, to know if he was there. Being acquainted that he was, he dressed himself in the habit of a fisherman, and went to the Marquis's by night, who amongst many others had been greatly afflicted at his supposed loss. The Marquis was transported

ported at the sight of a friend whom he imagined dead. Don Sancho told him in what manner he had been saved, and related his adventure at Seville, without concealing the violent passion he entertained for Dorothea. The Marquis immediately offered to accompany him into Spain, and even take off Dorothea if she would consent, and bring her into Sicily. Don Sancho was unwilling to put his friend's affection to so hazardous a test, however he was exceedingly rejoiced to find him ready to accompany him into Spain. In the mean time Don Sancho's valet was so afflicted at the loss of his master, that as soon as the gallies arrived at Messina, he went into a convent, in order to pass the remainder of his life there. The Marquis sent to the superior to demand him, who had received him upon the recommendation of a Scicilian nobleman, but had not yet given him the religious habit. The poor fellow was ready to expire with joy when he beheld his dear master, and from that moment dropt all thoughts of returning to the convent. His master dispatched him immediately for Spain in order to bring him intelligence of Dorothea, who was of the general opinion that he was long since dead. This

report even reached the Indies, and was the cause of his father's death, who left a fortune of 400,000 crowns to another son he had, but on conditions that he was to give half to his brother, if the report of his death should hereafter prove groundless. Don Sancho's brother was called after his father, Don Juan de Peralte. He embarked for Spain with his whole fortune, and arrived at Seville about a year after his brother had left it. As they had both different names he did not find it difficult to conceal his being related to Don Sancho, a matter of no small importance to keep a secret, as his affairs detained him a considerable time in a place where his brother had some enemies. He saw Dorothea and immediately became as enamoured as his brother, but did not meet with the same return of affection. This beautiful girl, could listen to no lover after her dear dear Sancho. All Don Juan's attention and efforts to please served but to make her more unhappy, and she daily refused the best matches in Seville, which her father proposed to her. About this time Don Sancho's servant arrived at Seville, and according to the orders he had received, immediately sat about enquiring into Dorothea's conduct.

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He learned from the report of the town, that a gentleman extremely rich, lately come from India had fallen in love with her, and that he displayed a most refined and elegant taste in all his gallantries towards her. He wrote word of this to his master, and even represented matters worse than they were in reality, an attention in the present case he might have omitted, as a lover is too apt to do this of himself. In consequence of this intelligence the Marquis Fabio and Don Sancho embarked at Messina on board the the Spanish galleys which were returning home, and arrived safely at St. Lucar, from whence they set out post for Seville. They came into town at night, and stopt at the house Don Sancho's servant had taken for them. They kept within doors all next day, and when it was dark, went to reconnoitre Don Manuel's house. They heard some excellent music under Dorothea's window, and afterwards a single voice, accompanied by a guittar, complained of the cruelty of a tygress in the form of an angel. Don Sancho was often tempted to attack the serenaders, but was prevented by the Marquis, who observed that he had no just cause for anger, as his mistress had not appeared at her balcony,

in order to testify her approbation of his rival, and the air he sung, was more the complaint of a disappointed lover, than the effusion of gratitude for favours received. At length the serenaders withdrew, not altogether so well pleased, and Don Sancho accompanied by the Marquis retired also. In the mean time Dorothea found herself very unhappy by the India Cavalier's addresses. Don Manuel, her father, longed for nothing more than to see her married; and as Don Juan was rich and of a good family, she imagined if he proposed for her, that he could not fail obtaining his consent. The day after the serenade, in which the Marquis and Don Sancho had their part, Dorothea told her sister, that she would no longer suffer the gallantry of her India lover, and that she thought it very extraordinary he should proceed so far without having acquainted her father with his passion, It is an affair, replied Feliciano, which I never approved of, and was I in your place, I'd treat him so ill the first opportunity I had, that he'd soon find he had deceived himself, when he expected to gain your affections. For my part, added she, I never liked him; he wanted that something in his manner, which can only be acquired at court, besides

sides, the vast expence he has been at in Seville has been lavished without taste, and evidently proves him a foreigner. Thus she gave the most unfavourable portrait she could of Don Juan, never recollecting that when he first appeared at Seville, she owned to her sister that he was far from being disagreeable to her, and that whenever she spoke of him, it was with a degree of warmth which betrayed her prepossession for him. This sudden change in Felician's sentiments did not escape the observation of Dorothea. She immediately concluded that she liked Don Juan, and in order to be satisfied of it, she observed, that she was by no means displeased with Don Juan's gallantries, from an aversion to his person; that on the contrary, as she imagined he resembled Don Sancho, she liked him better than any of her lovers, besides as he was rich and of a good family, she was persuaded that he'd soon obtain her father's consent; but added she, I can never harbour a passion for another after Don Sancho; and as I cannot be his, I am resolved to pass the remainder of my life in a convent. As you are not determined to take so rash a step answered Felician, you cannot imagine how much you distress me by mentioning of it; you may depend it is my resolution, said Dorothea,

you will shortly, my sister, be the first match in Seville, and for that reason I had a desire to see Don Juan, in order to undeceive him with regard to his expectation of obtaining my affections, and to try to prevail on him to fix them on you. But as I perceive you have so great an aversion for him, I shall merely request that he would desist in his gallantries to me: and in truth, continued she, I am sorry for it, as I dont know a person in Seville with whom you could be more happily married. Really answered Feliciana, the man is rather indifferent to me, than absolutely disagreeable, and perhaps I would not have been so severe in my censures but out of compliment to you. Rather acknowledge my dear sister, replied Dorothea, that you did not speak candidly; that when you expressed so little esteem for Don Juan, you had forgot how extravagantly you had praised him, or else, that you were apprehensive he was too agreeable in my eye, than that you found him displeasing in your own. Feliciana blushed at these last words of Dorothea, and was exceedingly embarrassed. She mentioned with a great deal of confusion several circumstances, which only served to convict her of her sister's charge.

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At length she owned her passion for Don Juan, of which Dorothea expressed her approbation, and promised at the same time to do every thing in her power assist her. Isabella who had broke off all commerce with her Guzman since the accident had happened to Don Sancho, was ordered by Dorothea to go in search of Don Juan, to take him the key of the garden, and inform him that Dorothea and her sister would wait for him there, and that he was to meet them the instant their father had retired to rest, Isabella whose good offices Don Juan had long since purchased, was astonished at this sudden change, and overjoyed to be the bearer of such agreeable tidings. She flew to him with her intelligence, which he could scarce believe, till she put the fatal key into his hand which confirmed him. He rewarded her with a purse of pistoles, which filled her with as much transport as he felt from the hopes of his assignation. It happened that the very night Don Juan was to meet Dorothea in her father's garden, Don Sancho, accompanied by his friend the Marquis, came once more to reconnoitre the habitation of this lovely girl, and watch the designs of his rival. They were in the street where Dorothea lived

about eleven o'clock, when four men well armed, stopt near them. The jealous lover imagined it was his rival, he came up to them, and told them, that the spot they occupied, he had fixed on for a particular purpose, and therefore requested they would leave it. We would grant your request, replied the others, if the post you want, was not absolutely necessary to a design which we are about, and which will be executed so immediately, that there will be time enough to dispatch yours afterwards. As Don Sancho's passion was already up, he drew his sword and attacked them in a twinkling. This unexpected assault surprized and confused them. And as the Marquis charged them with as much violence as his friend, they made but a weak defence, and were driven out of the street. Don Sancho received a slight wound in his arm, and thrust his sword at the same time into the body of him that gave it, that he thought he had killed him, he found so much difficulty in drawing it out again. The Marquis pursued the others closely, who all fled before him as soon as they saw their companion fall. Don Sancho observed at the end of the street some persons with a light, who followed the noise of the
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the engagement, he was in dread it was the magistrates, and it really was so. He ran from one street to another, till he met an old gentleman who was lighting himself home, and had drawn his sword upon hearing the noise Don Sancho made, who was almost out of breath when he came up to him. This happened to be Don Manuel who was returning from an acquaintance's, where he had passed the evening, and was going in by the garden-gate; which was near the place he had met Don Sancho at. Don Manuel halloed out, who's there. A man, replied, Don Sancho, who is in a very great hurry, unless you intend to stop him. Perhaps, observed Don Manuel, some accident has happened you which obliges you to fly for sanctuary; if this be the case, my house, sir, which is hard by, is at your service. You are very right in your conjectures, Sir, replied Don Sancho, I am endeavouring to fly from justice, which is probably this moment in pursuit of me; and since you are so humane as to offer your house to a stranger, he commits himself freely to your protection, and promises never to forget the favour which you have done him, and to be no longer troublesome than he finds it absolutely

necessary. Don Manuel then unlocked the gate with a key which he had about him, and having made Don Sancho go in first, he hid him among some laurels, whilst he went into the house, in order to prepare a place for concealing him, and to prevent his being seen. Don Sancho was not long under the laurels, when he saw a woman coming near, who as she approached him, cried out, come, come, sir, my mistress Dorothea is waiting for you, at the sound of that name, Don Sancho perceived he had got into the habitation of his mistress, and that the old gentleman he had been speaking to was her father. He suspected Dorothea of having made an assignation at the same place with his rival, and followed Isabella, tortured more with jealousy than the fear of justice. In the mean time, Don Juan came at the hour appointed, opened the garden-gate with the key Isabella had given him, and hid himself amongst the very laurels Don Sancho had just left. The next moment he saw a man making directly towards him. Apprehending that he may be attacked, he put himself in a posture of defence; but what was his surprise, when he found it was Don Manuel, who had alarmed him, and who desired

desired him to follow him, for that he had provided a place of safety for him. Don Juan conjectured from these words of Don Manuel, that probably he had harboured some person who was endeavouring to escape the pursuit of justice. He was obliged to follow him, in a state you may easily imagine not much to be envied, between the dread of being discovered and chagrine for his disappointment. Don Manuel conducted him into his own apartment, and left him there in order to go and prepare a bed for him. We shall leave him under all that anxiety it was natural he should be oppressed with, and return to his brother Don Sancho de Silva. Isabella conducted him into a parlour, which opened into the garden, where Dorothea and Feliciana waited for Don Juan de Peralte, one animated with an ardent desire to captivate him, and the other merely solicitous to acquaint him of the impossibility of his ever meeting a return from her, and that he had better try to gain her sister's affections. Don Sancho then appeared before the two beautiful sisters, who were petrified with amazement at a sight so unexpected. Dorothea stood speechless, like one deprived of all sense, and would have fallen on the floor,
if

if her sister had not supported her. Don Sancho continued fixt and motionless, whilst Isabella was ready to expire with fear, for she took Don Sancho for an apparition, who had come to punish his mistress for her infidelity. Notwithstanding Felician's fright, it did not prevent her attention to her sister, who now began to revive, and then Don Sancho spoke to her as follows. If the report which was spread of my death, did not in some measure extenuate your fault, the anguish it has given me, would before now have robbed me of the power of reproaching your inconstancy. I was solicitous to make the world believe me dead, in order to be forgotten by my enemies, but not by you, who promised never to harbour a passion for another, and yet have so soon broke your vows. I might easily avenge myself for your infidelity by alarming your father, and acquainting him that you have a paramour this moment concealed in his house. But incensed as I am still I dread your displeasure, and I am, more afflicted at your being unworthy of my affection, than for your having given the preference to another. Enjoy, faithless beauty, enjoy your new lover, let not remorse interrupt your happiness but
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for a moment, I shall very soon rid you of a person, who must ever reproach you for having betrayed him, as it was at the risk of his life he visited you. After he had uttered these words, Don Sancho was for retiring, but Dorethea stopped him, and was going to justify herself, when Isabella came running in a great fright, and told them Don Manuel was just behind her. Don Sancho had only time to slip behind the door, when the old Gentleman entered. He reprimanded his daughters for being up so late, and as soon as he had turned his back, Don Sancho went into the garden, and hid himself amongst the laurels where he was concealed a little while before. Here he remained, prepared for all events, waiting for an opportunity of getting out. In the mean time Don Manuel had gone to his daughter's chamber for a light, in order to open the garden-gate to the officers of justice, who had been told that Don Manuel had screened one of the persons that had been fighting in the street. Don Manuel gave them liberty to search his house, being well satisfied that they would not attempt to open his own chamber, where the gentleman was shut up. Don Sancho perceiving
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that he could not escape the number of bailiffs which were dispersed about the garden, left his concealment, and coming up to Don Manuel, who was greatly surprized to see him, told him in his ear, that a man of honour preserved his word inviolate, and that he never forsook a person whom he had once taken under his protection. The old gentleman requested the magistrates to leave Don Sancho in his care; which was immediately granted, out of respect to his quality, and as the person who had been hurt, was not wounded dangerously. The justice and his mirmidons withdrew, and Don Manuel finding from his conversation and replies, that this was the very person to whom he had given asylum, concluded the other was some paramour, introduced by his daughters or Isabella. In order to be certain of it, he conducted Don Sancho de Silva into an apartment, and requested he would wait there till he returned. He himself went to Don Juan, and told him that his servant came in with the officers of justice and desired to speak with him. Don Juan well knew his valet was confined by illness to his bed, and therefore not in a condition to come in search of him, besides he would not have attempted it without orders,

orders, had he known the place where he was, which he was totally ignorant of. Don Manuel's words therefore made him very uneasy, however at all events, he replied, that it was his desire his servant should go and wait for him at his lodgings. Don Manuel then recollected him for the young gentleman from India, who had made so much noise in Seville, and as he was already acquainted with his rank and merit, resolved he should not quit the house till he had espoused which ever of his daughters he had the assignation with. He conversed with him for some time, in order to satisfy himself with regard to some particulars which disturbed him. Isabella saw them talking together, and ran to tell her mistress of it. Don Manuel got a glimpse of her, and thinking she was coming with a message to Don Juan from his daughter, ran after her, and that instant the taper which was lighting in the room was burnt out. Whilst the old gentleman was in search of Isabella, she went and told Dorothea and Feliciana, that Don Sancho was in her father's chamber. and that she saw them in conversation together. The two sisters took her word, and ran there immediately. Dorothea was under no dread of finding her

her dear Don Sancho with her father, determined as she was to declare her passion for him, and mention at the same time, it was reciprocal, and to acquaint him from what motive she had given an assignation to Don Juan. She therefore entered the chamber which was now quite dark, and having met Don Juan as she was going out, she took him for Don Sancho, and seizing him by the arm, spoke to him as follows. Why do you shun me, cruel Don Sancho? why will you not suffer me to reply to your cutting reproaches? I should be the first to condemn myself, was I as guilty as appearances speak me. But you know that falshood has often a greater semblance of reality than truth itself, which is always discovered with time. Permit me then to make you see it, and put an end to all this confusion. Assist me to justify myself, and do not hazard being unjust by being too precipitate to condemn me before you have sufficient proofs of my guilt. You have probably heard that a Gentleman has paid his addressee to me, but were you informed that I made him a return? Perhaps you have met him here, for I acknowledge I sent for him; but when you shall hear for what purpose, you'll be very sorry for having

ving given me so much anxiety, as it was in order to give the strongest testimony of my constancy; bring me into the presence of the Gentleman, who has rendered me so unhappy with his addressee, you shall then find by what I say to him, if I ever encouraged his passion, or even read his letters; but my fate which always brought him before me when I least wished it, now prevents me seeing him, when he could assist me in undeceiving you. Don Juan had patiently listened to Dorothea without interruption, in order to learn as much as he could from her. At length, he was going to be, perhaps a little tart with her, when Don Sancho, who was searching from room to room for the way to the garden, overheard their voices, and approached them with as little a noise as possible, however he was heard by Don Juan and the two sisters. At the same time Don Manuel entered the chamber with a light. The two rivals now beheld each other's faces, and with fury darting from their eyes, clapped their hands to their swords. Don Manuel threw himself between them, and ordered his daughter to chuse one of them for a husband, that he might fight the other. Don Juan told him that he resigned his pretension, if he
could

could be said to have any, to the gentleman that stood before him. Don Sancho declared the same, and added that as the gentleman had been brought into the house by his daughter, that there was all the reason in the world to suppose their passion mutual. That for his part, he had rather suffer a thousand deaths, than connect himself with a woman who did not give him her heart with her hand. Dorothea threw herself at her father's feet, and intreated him to hear her. She related every thing that happened between her and Don Sancho de Silva, previous to his having killed Don Diego. She next acquainted him of Don Juan de Peralte's passion for her, and of her scheme to undeceive him, and persuade him to propose for her sister. She concluded, by declaring, that if she could not convince Don Sancho of her innocence, she would the next day go into a convent, and pass the rest of her life there. This relation discovered the two brothers to each other; Don Sancho was immediately reconciled to Dorothea, and demanded her in marriage of Don Manuel. Don Juan proposed at the same time for Feliciana, and both were made happy by Don Manuel's consent. As soon as the day appeared, Don
Sancho

Sancho sent for the Marquis Fabio. who came to share in his friend's joy. Every thing was kept a secret till such time as Don Manuel and the Marquis, had brought about a reconciliation between Don Sancho and Don Diego's successor. Whilst this was in agitation, the Marquis fell in love with that gentleman's sister, and demanded her in marriage. So advantageous a proposal was received with joy, and from that time he granted whatever they asked him in favour of Don Sancho. The three weddings were celebrated the same day, and all parties were rendered happy.

C H A P. XX.

In what Manner Ragotin's Sleep was broke.

HERE Innizella finished her novel, and every one of her hearers lamented it was not longer. Whilst she was reading it, Ragotin, instead of attending to her, entered into chat with her husband upon the old theme of the magic; but he had eaten such an immoderate quantity at dinner, that both he and his friend were nodding over the subject. He did all in his power, for the sake of decency, to listen to the novel, and resist the attacks of sleep. He therefore sometimes let his head drop down to his knees, but presently recovering, would start up, and make an effort to rouse himself, just as you may observe people do at a drowsy sermon. There happened to be a ram in this inn, which the ostlers and rabble, that are generally about such places, had taught to butt, by bending their head towards him, with their hands before it, which

which he'd run at with great violence. He was suffered without molestation to ramble through the whole inn, and would frequently strole into the rooms, and be fed well by the company; now this Gentleman happened to be present when Innizella was reading her novel. He observed Ragotin bending his head and raising it forward again, which taking for a fair challenge, he withdrew a few paces backward, and darted at him, like a horse at a race-course. He must have fritter'd his skull like an earthen vessel, with the violence of the shock, if Ragotin by good fortune, had not at the instant, lifted up his head, and by that means escaped with a slight bruise in the face. This action of the ram's, surprized those who saw it so much, that they stood motionless for some time with astonishment and laughter. This gave the ram an opportunity of making a second assault, which he did, at the very time Ragotin, stunned with the first, and with his face scraped and bloody, had clapped up his hands to his eyes, which met directly the horns of the ram, and were terribly bruised with the shock. This brought him to himself; but when he discovered the author of his calamity, in his passion he struck him about the head

head with his fist, and wounded himself worse with the animal's horns. He was absolutely frantic with rage, and if possible, more so, to see the whole company laughing at him. He abused them all for their ill manners, and sallied out of the room in a transport of anger. He was for quitting the inn too, but was stopped by the landlord to settle the bill, an accident, he probably thought as great a disaster, as the blows of the ram's horns.

Conclusion of the Second Part of the
COMICAL ROMANCE.

THE

The THIRD PART of the
COMIC ROMANCE.

CHAP. I.

The Introduction to the Third Part.

YOU have seen 'in the second part of this history, little Ragotin with his face bruised and bloody, from the blows of the ram's horns, whilst he was sitting in the Player's apartment, from whence he sallied in 'so great passion that they never expected he would have returned; but he was too much enamoured of Mrs. Star, and too anxious to try the success of the quack's art, to listen for any time to the dictates of resentment. Therefore as soon as he had washed the blood from his face, he returned, in order to put the promises of Signor Ferdinando Ferdinandi to the test. So stunned was he from his late encounter with the ram, and so confused was his mind from the love of Star,

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that

that he mistook a Lawyer he met going to court, for him. He therefore accosted him immediatly, and spoke to him as follows : Dear Sir, I am transported at meeting you. I was posting to your lodgings, in order to enquire into my fate ; I make no doubt, but you have tried all your art could do, to make me the happiest of mankind ; and it would be the height of ingratitude not to acknowledge it. Tell me then, will the angelic Star ? The Lawyer, who did not conceive a syllable of this fine harangue, very soon interrupted him, and said very smartly,—Mr. Ragotin, if it was a little latter, I should take you to be drunk ; but you must certainly have lost your wits ; why, man, do you know who you are speaking to ? What the Devil do you tell me of your Magic, and your Stars ? I am neither a conjurer nor an astrologer. Don't you know me, man ? Ah, Sir ! replied Ragotin, I know you very well ; and you too are well acquainted with me, and the cause of my unhappiness, and yet are so cruel, though in your power, as to deny me a remedy. I, answered the Lawyer ; here Ragotin was going to convince him, when the Lawyer, weary of his impertinence, disingaged himself, observing

serving as he went off, that the little man was certainly *non compos*. Ragotin was going to follow him, till he discovered his mistake, which confused him so much, that he never uttered a syllable of it from that day to this. Indeed, I myself should have known nothing of it, but for an acquaintance of the Lawyer's, to whom he related the adventure. He proceeded to the Player's apartment; which had he no sooner entered, than he heard Destiny and Cave propose quitting Mans next next day, and taking the route to Allencou. This was like a stroke of thunder to poor Ragotin, whose heart must travel with them where ever they went. It was universally assented to by both actors and actresses, who determined to represent one of their best pieces, in order to leave a good impression upon the minds of the audience at Mans. The cause of the company's quitting this town so abruptly, was because the Marquis D'Orse, who was the only patron their little troop had, was summoned to court, and after he was gone, their audiences dwindled to nothing. Ragotin opposed their departure with all those bad reasons with which he was so abundantly stocked. He requested at least, that they would not quit

the province of Main, a favour they may very easily grant him, by taking the tennis-court in the suburbs of Montfort, from whence they could go to Laval, which is likewise in Maine, and that afterwards they might easily pass into Britany, agreeable to the promise they had made M. Garrouffiere ; but his eloquence was only thrown away. As Destiny observed, that this would never answer, for that the tennis-court he spoke of, was at too great a distance from the town, but that that of Allencon was in the middle of it, encircled by all the genteel houses ; that this therefore, was their mark, not the miserable hole at Montfort, the convenience of which, Ragotin unluckily dwelt most upon, and finally gave it as his opinion, that a cart should be provided to convey the baggage, and horses got for the Ladies. The conducting of this business was entrusted to Leander, who was very well acquainted in Mans. The day after, a play was performed ; but whether it was tragedy, pastoral, or comedy, I cannot indeed recollect, however, it met with universal approbation. Destiny was greatly admired in his farewell address to the town. He expressed so lively a sense of gratitude for the favours the company had
had

had received, and appeared so much affected on the occasion, that the audience was perfectly charmed with him. Nay, I have been told, that several were observed to shed tears, mostly indeed women, who have been always distinguished for tenderness. Such an effect had it on Ragotin, that he remained motionless and rivetted to his seat, till he was left quite alone, where, perhaps, he would have been still, if the marker of the tennis-court had not roused him, by acquainting him that the audience were all gone. At length he got up and went home, where he took a resolution of calling next morning early upon the actors, in order to open his mind to them.

C H A P. II.

In which you'll find Ragotin's Resolution.

THERE was scarce one awake in Mans but himself, when Ragotin repaired to the stroler's habitation, in order to propose himself as a member of their community. He found them all in their beds and fast asleep. For once in his life he had discretion enough, not to disturb them; but he went into the room where Olive and Rancour lay, and requested the latter would get up and take a walk with him, and that afterwards they would go and breakfast at the Golden Star, where he had bespoke it. Rancour, who was never backward at accepting an invitation to feast at free cost, was dressed almost as soon as he heard the proposal. Ragotin never opened his lips to him till they came to the breakfasting place, well knowing, that he was better disposed to relish a good meal than conversation. As soon as they arrived there, the little man called out for the tarts he had bespoke, and grew very clamorous at their not being brought immediately. The landlady, without ever stirring.

stirring from her seat, replied to him very coolly, really Mr. Ragotin, I have got no skill in divination, and therefore cou'd'nt foresee what time you'd come at, you'll have the tarts immediately ; in the mean time, if you'll walk into the parlour, where the cloth is laid, you'll find a ham to amuse yourself with till the other things are ready. This she spoke with so grave and hostess-like a tone, that Rancour thought there was a great deal of reason in what she said, and therefore advised Ragotin to be pacified, and go in and take a glass of wine, while they were waiting. In short they sat down to table, which was covered in a few minutes, and breakfasted after the Mans fashion, that is to say, very heartily. They pushed about the bottle too pretty briskly, and drank several toasts, amongst which, I fancy, you conjecture, Star's was not forgot. Ragotin drank it above a dozen times, now without moving from his chair, next standing up, with his hat in his hand, and finally, gave her on his knees, and bare-headed, as if he was going to make an offering at the shrine of some saint. He then intreated Rancour to assist him as he had promised, in gaining his adoreable Star ; to which the other replied, with affected passion, I
thought

thought, Mr. Ragotin, you had a better opinion of me. I imagined you supposed me incapable of deceiving you ; and that I wou'd not have undertaken this business if I had not been sure of success. My dear friend, make yourself quite easy, rely upon my disposition to serve you, whenever a favourable opportunity offers ; but there is one great obstacle in your way, I mean our departure. However, that is easily removed, by your taking the advice I formerly gave you, of joining the company. You have the finest requisites of any man in the kingdom to make an actor ; your deportment is elegant, your voice harmonious, your accent pleasing, and your memory prodigious ; besides, you have nothing rustic about you ; why, I should take you to have passed all your life at a court, you have quite the air of it. I warrant you, after playing about a dozen times, you'd stop the career of some of our young coxcombs, who are now so conceited. You'll get all the fresh characters into your own possession, and when that's accomplished leave the rest to me. For the present, we have a very delicate business to manage ; it requires a great deal of address to act properly in it. I don't mean to insinuate, my dear Ragotin,
any

any deficiency on your side ; but you are sensible a little good advice can be of no injury, but above all, keep your passion a profound secret ; for if that should transpire, it may prevent your obtaining admission into the company.—The little man was in raptures at this speech of Rancour, and when he had done speaking, got up, and took him round the neck in a transport of joy, protesting at the same time, that he had invited him to breakfast merely to communicate the design he had formed of joining the company, and on which he was so determined, that nothing could dissuade him from it. That all he wanted now was to have the affair broke to the Players, which he requested Rancour to set about immediately. Ragotin then called for a bill, which having payed, they set out for the actors lodgings, which happened to be near the place they had breakfasted at. They found the Ladies all drest ; but as Rancour was acquainting them with Ragotin's intentions of going on the stage, he was interrupted by a messenger from Leander's father, who desired to see him immediately, as he was at the point of death. Various were the conjectures of the company on this unexpected event. Leander took Angelica

aside, and told her, that it was now in her power, if she pleased, to make him happy; to which she replied, that he never would find her an obstacle to his felicity, with much more, all which you'll read in the following chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

*Leander's Project. Ragotin's Admission;
and Harangue to the Company of Players.*

LEANDER's tutors finding all their efforts to keep him to his studies fruitless, and having observed his constant attendance at the theatre, conjectured that he had fallen in love with one of the actresses; in which supposition, they were confirmed by his having followed the company to Angers. This they took care to acquaint his father of, by a messenger sent off express; and their intelligence arrived at the very hour his son's letter reached him, in which he said, he was going into the army, and requested he would send him a supply, as Destiny and he had concerted, when he discovered his rank to him at the inn where he was wounded. His father was frantic with passion at his son's imprudence, which joined to his extream age, threw him into a fit of sickness, that brought him to the gates of death. Finding his dissolution at hand, he sent for one of his tenants,

tenants, in order to bring Leander to him before nature had exacted her tribute. He told him, that he would find him with a company of comedians, who were then at Mans, but the man knew this already, as he was the very person who had supplied him with money after he had left the college. Accordingly he went there, and found him as was related in the preceding chapter. The whole company requested Ragotin would retire into an adjoining room, whilst they consulted upon this message received from Leander's father. Mulish as he was in general, decency made him comply in the present instance. As soon as he was gone, Leander had the messenger called in, who acquainted him with his father's situation, and his anxiety to see him before his death. Leander asked the company's leave to go and visit him, which was immediately granted. It was then that Destiny made his rank known, a circumstance he had hitherto kept a secret, and of which, he himself had been ignorant till after Angelica had been run away with; but now he thought it absolutely necessary to divulge it, both in order to undeceive Mrs. Cave, who could not be persuaded but that Leander was the person who had taken her daughter off,

off, and to convince the young Lady of the violence of his passion, which made him turn valet for her sake ; a station in which he would have still remained, if he had not been obliged to reveal the secret to Destiny at the inn, where he met him, when he went in quest of Angelica. That so far from being privy to it, he had even ventured his life in attempting to rescue her ; but that he was overpowered by numbers and left for dead on the spot. The company in general begged pardon for not having treated him with the respect which was due to his rank, but hoped he would attribute it to their ignorance of his quality. Mrs. Star, added, that she always saw something about him, which made her suspect he was more than common, in which conjecture she was farther confirmed since his return, and by his letters, which Cave had shewn her ; but that he had always behaved with such humility in the capacity of a valet to her brother, she was often staggered in her opinion ; however, now his quality was unquestionable. Cave next addressed him, and said, surely Sir, after having in a great measure learned you rank, from the tenor of the letters you wrote my daughter, you must allow, that I had very just cause to
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apprehend your designs were not honourable, a supposition which your intention of taking her off to England corroborated; and what prospect, Sir, was there, that a person of your birth would marry a poor country actress? For my part, I sincerely rejoice at your approaching good fortune; but thank God at the same time, for being relieved from the anxiety you have so long given me. These last words of Cave wounded Leander to the very soul. He was all impatience whilst she was speaking, and immediately replied, whatever, Madam, my prospects are in your eye, be assured, that to me, they would appear the most wild and dreary, unless brightened by the hope of possessing your amiable daughter. Deny me that bliss, and I renounce my birth-right. It is she alone can give charms to prosperity; and I shall esteem its acquisition valuable but so far as it contributes to her felicity. Do not imagine that I intend robbing you of her entirely, and taking her home with me; nothing can be further from my thoughts. I am become so enamoured of a theatrical life, that I know not how to quit it, much less deprive myself of the enjoyment of such agreeable society. Both actors and actresses thanked Leander for his politeness,

ness, and observed, that Mrs. Cave and her daughter must be very particular, if they denied him the happiness he solicited. Angelica behaved like one who waited for the sanction of her mother's approbation, to authorise her conduct. The latter finished the conversation by assuring Leander, that if he retained the same sentiments till his return, he should have nothing to complain of. Every thing being now settled, Leander's departure was fixed for next day, and a horse hired for him accordingly. Here Destiny reminded them of Ragotin, and observed that it was time to send for him; but a propos, continued he, is there nobody who knows any thing of his design? Rancour, who had not yet opened his lips, said, he could acquaint him with it, then related how he had invited him that morning to breakfast, in order to communicate his intentions of joining the company, but that he wou'd not expect any salary; for that he'd much rather spend his money in seeing the world, than dose away his life stupidly in Mans. Roquebrune, in a most florid harangue opposed his admittance, for that poets were like women, wherever two happen to meet, peace could not be expected; besides that his figure was

so

so contemptible, he would not be fit to carry on a message. Now, for my part, replied Rancour, I move for his being received. I think he'll make a very useful man ; for instance, if a dwarf's wanting, where can we get a better ; then he can represent a monster, without putting the company to the expence of purchasing a mask for him, and as for declamation, take my word, he is a second Orpheus. When Olive and I were in quest of Angelica, we met him mounted on his counter part, that is to say an ass, as little as himself. He was spouting away with such energy, that some carriers who met him, followed him with their hats off, for the better convenience of hearing, all the way to the house, where we stopt to have a glass at. Surely if his elocution had so great an effect on these clowns, how must it act upon persons of finer taste. This sally of humour raised a general laugh at poor Ragotin's expence, who was immediately sent for. He made above a dozen of his best bows upon entering the room, and after having prepared himself, like all good orators, with the usual prelude of hemming, spitting and coughing, he began the following harangue : Ladies and Gentlemen of the illustrious order of
Thespis,

Thespis, I am come to offer my services to your most respectable community. Was I a coxcomb like some of my acquaintances, I might speak much in praise both of my person and my talents; but I shall wave vanity for the present, and only acquaint you, that if I have the honour to be admitted into your body, I shall forego the usual emoluments of salary or share, and be content with the mere pleasure of your society. This last argument of Ragotin's was an excellent one, and had the desired effect, for it gained him immediate admission. Every thing was conducted with the usual ceremony, that is, his name was entered in the muster-roll, the oath of fidelity administered, and a charter given him, by which he is for ever entitled to bilk his taylor and landlord.

C H A P. IV.

The Departure of Leander; and the Company's arrival at Allencon; with the Death of Saldaigne.

AFTER supper, every body was congratulating Ragotin upon his admission into the company, and the elegance of his harangue upon that occasion. Rancour swore that he was the greatest acquisition the company ever met with, and that the name of Ragotin would be remembered whilst there was an actor in the province. In the mean time Leander was engaged with his dear Angelica. They said and looked ten thousand soft things, and tasted raptures, of which was I to attempt giving an idea, unless to lovers like themselves, I am persuaded that my veracity, as a historian, would be called in question. The night being now far advanced, the company all retired to bed. Next morning Leander got up very early and set off for his father's. I have been told.

told that he never rode so far in so short a space in his life before ; whether eagerness to see his father, or the vivacity his future prospects inspired was the cause of his expedition, I shall leave your analysers of the human heart to determine. His father received him with the affection of a parent, yet reproached him gently for his imprudence. He told him, that it gave him inexpressible satisfaction to find that he obeyed him so readily ; that he had sent for him in order to give him his last blessing, and to resign his entire fortune into his hands, notwithstanding the irregularity of his conduct, but hoped that in future he would act with more propriety. The rest of the conversation, if they had any farther, we shall learn when Leander returns. As soon as the actors and actresses were dressed, they set about packing up for their journey. That business being dispatched, Olive was sent to procure a horse, as they had been disappointed in one of those they had hired. Ragotin, who happened to overhear this discourse, immediately replied, that there was no occasion, for that he'd take Mrs. Star behind him ; but this she thought proper to decline, which affected poor Ragotin so much, that he would not have had spirits.

to

to travel to Allencon, if Angelica had not in some measure consoled him, by accepting his proposal. Whenever a strolling company is on the march, they seldom use a second table. This morning they all breakfasted together, and the quack and his wife were of the party, when Ragotin took an opportunity of renewing his attack upon the Sieur Ferdinand. He told him, that his passion was now become so violent, that he could not possibly much longer endure it, unless he did something for him by his art ; the other replied, that he had tried all the secrets of magic to relieve him, and consulted all the spirits he had ever under his command, but to no purpose, from whence he concluded that Star must be a forcerefs herself, and possessed of more powerful charms and magic than his. He was going to answer, but was intreated to wash his hands as the rest did, and sit down to table. After breakfast, Innizella expressed the greatest concern, particularly to the Ladies, for their sudden departure. She declared, that she had a strong inclination to follow them to Allencon, merely for the pleasure of their conversation, but feared that this would rather injure than oblige them, as her husband having a stage of his own to mount,

mount, may rob them of part of their audience. They embraced each other at parting, some of the women shed tears, and in short, the whole company was full of compliments, except the poet, who, though he in general monopolized three parts of the conversation, was now quite mute. His separation from Innizella was a stroke of thunder, all the laurels on Parnassus cou'd'nt protect him from. The cart being now loaded, and ready to set out, Cave took the same seat in it she had when the company came to Mans. Destiny and Star rode together, and Angelica got up behind Ragotin, all the rest travelled on foot; in this order did our strollers proceed, till they arrived at Al-lencon, which they did in two days after their departure. As soon as they had bestowed the baggage and the Ladies at an inn, Destiny called, Roquebrune, Olive, and the carpenter, and took them immediately to the principal tennis-court, where he found six Gentlemen engaged at play. He immediately asked for the master of the tennis-court, and the spectators in the gallery having learned that these were some of the players, informed the Gentlemen of it; and moreover observed, that one of them was a very genteel man. Upon this

this the gamesters dropped their rackets, and came up half dressed to Destiny, whom they saluted very politely, and then enquired into the state of the company. They asked him what number of people he had got, whether they had merit, and if the dresses were good, and the women handsome. Destiny made such satisfactory replies to all these questions, that that they made an offer of their services, and requested the owner of the tennis-court to oblige them; adding, that if he would wait till they were dressed, that they would go take a glass of wine together. Destiny accepted the proposal, in order to secure himself friends, in case Saldaigne should still persecute him; for he was continually in dread of him. In the mean time, an agreement was made about the rent of the tennis-court, and a joiner immediately sent for to assist the carpenter in fitting it up. The Gentlemen having now got their cloaths on, Destiny joined them in so graceful a manner, and in the course of conversation, discovered so excellent an understanding, that they began to conceive a friendship for him. They asked him where the company had put up, which when he had acquainted them with, they replied, we
214 had

better go there. Perhaps we may assist you in making a bargain. Accordingly they went, and after having agreed for three rooms, they breakfasted there very heartily. You may easily imagine that the conversation turned chiefly on the drama, of which Destiny displayed so great a knowledge, and so excellent a taste, that they made him fresh proffers of their service, and told him to rely upon their protection; for it seems they were persons of the first consequence in the city. That evening Destiny sent his baggage to the Golden Cup, where he had fixt his quarters, and as soon as ever the theatre was ready the company began to perform. We shall now leave them in the exercise of their profession, and return to see what happened to Saldaigne, after his fall. You may recollect to have read in the twelfth chapter of the second part of this romance, how Saldaigne was confined to his bed at the Baron d'Arques from the bruise of his fall. Here he continued for some time ill of a fever, which was rendered more violent, by the passion he flew into with his servants when they brought him intelligence so little to his satisfaction. However he recovered, and as soon as he could get on horseback, he
set

set out for Mans, where he expected to find the players. When he arrived there, he was informed they were gone to Allenccon. Fixt as he was in his resolution, he determined immediately to pursue them ; accordingly he took the rout to the place they were performing at, and got there about the dusk. That night he never closed his eyes ; his mind was upon the track of invention, to discover some means of vengeance for the insult he had received from Destiny. Next day he went to the play, but drew his hat over his eyes and muffled his head up in his cloak, in order to disguise himself. He was as weary of the representation as the rest of the audience were pleased with it ; for the the universal admiration which Star's beauty excited, served only to to quicken his passion, and render the loss of her more mortifying. When the entertainment was over, Soldaigne and his party posted themselves at a convenient stand near the theatre, in order to assault Destiny as he passed ; but the company were so well liked, and had so many friends amongst the people of fashion, that they scarce ever went to or returned from the playhouse without a large retinue. That night they were invited to sup at Madam
de

de Villefleur's, and as they went escorted by a large company, Saldaigne's wicked intentions were frustrated; disappointed in this, he became desperate, determined to take off Stella at all hazards, and put to the sword whoever opposed him. As Madam de Villefleur was both young and sprightly, her parties were usually large, which you may suppose were not diminished this evening by the presence of the actresses. Saldaigne imagined that he would find no more difficulty in bringing off Stella than before. He posted a servant, with one of his best horses at the corner of a street near Madam Villefleur's house, in order to be ready to put his project in execution; big with the hopes of success, he was already blessed in fancy, when a Clergyman (not one of those pragmatical Gentlemen who think the least innocent recreation an impeachment to their character for sanctity, but a man of liberal notions, who was never ashamed of cultivating an acquaintance with an actor of merit, and was particularly intimate with our illustrious troop) who was going to spend the evening at Madam Villefleur's, discovered the servant. He never recollected to have seen either his face or his livery before; and observing that he held

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a horse

a horse by the bridle, he asked him whether he was waiting there for his master, but finding the fellow confused and unsatisfactory in his replies, he immediately went in and informed the company of the whole transaction. Destiny who was never without apprehensions of Saldaigne. Having often noticed a person at the theatre who always hid his face under his cloak, immediately concluded it was he, and though he did not communicate his suspicions to any body, he took care to bring a sufficient number of his companions to escort the women home. He was not kept long in suspense, for a stranger, presently came to enquire for Stella, and to tell her that a lady of her acquaintance desired to speak with her. This was judged by the whole company to be the snare Saldaigne had laid, and preparations therefore were made to give him a proper reception. As it was deemed highly improper for any of the comedians to appear, one of Madam de Ville Fleur's waiting women was sent out, whom Saldaigne mistaking for Stella instantly laid hold of, but what was his astonishment when he found himself encompassed by a crowd of armed men. Though

Though his party was at some distance, he had so little discretion that he discharged a pistol which wounded one of the actors slightly. But his fire was returned by above a dozen shots in a twinkling. The bravoes whom he had hired, instead of coming to his assistance when they heard the noise of the encounter immediately fled, as such wretches always do when they meet with any resistance. He was now stretched on the ground, for he had received a shot in his head, and two more in his body. They brought him to the light in order to examine his face, but nobody knew him except the players, who assured the company that it was Saldaigne. As he discovered some signs of life they assisted his servant in placing him across a horse, and had his wounds dressed, but their attention proved fruitless, for the next day he resigned his breath. His body was carried to his own country, where his sisters and their husbands received him with the appearance of grief, but secretly rejoiced of what had happened. Search was made out of form after the instruments of his death, but no prosecution or evidence appearing the affair dropt. Besides, those who might have

been accused were the first persons in the city. The intelligence of his death, was agreeable tidings indeed to the players, for in him, they lost an unrelenting and implacable enemy.

CHAP. V.

The sequel of Cave's Story.

NEXT day Destiny and Olive waited on the Prior of St. Lewis, in order to thank him for the signal piece of service which he had done them, as it was through his means they had escaped the danger which threatened them, and were henceforward secured from persecution by the death of Saldaigne. From that time the closest intimacy subsisted between the comedians and the Prior, so that they frequently visited and eat together. Some time after, that gentleman happened to be in the actresses apartment, (it was a Friday

day, on which they never performed) Destiny and Stella asked Cave to finish her history. She at first made some little difficulty, coughed, and spit once or twice, when the Prior was going to take his leave, imagining that it was owing to his presence she hesitated in granting their request; but he was prevented by the whole company, who assured him, that they would esteem themselves happy in communicating their adventures to him, and I'll venture to say, added Stella, that you are not come to these years, without having experienced some yourself. For I am greatly mistaken, or you have not always wore the cassock. These words a little disconcerted the Prior, who frankly owned, that some past scenes of his life would make a much better novel, than the romantic stuff of which such works are in general composed. Stella replied, that she was persuaded they were well worth attending to, and made him promise to relate them the first time he was asked, the Prior pledged his word to comply with her request, then Cave resumed her narrative in the following terms. You may remember I was interrupted in my relation by the greyhound. The proposal the Baron de Sigagnot made my mo-

ther of marriage, afflicted her as much as it pleased me. But what rendered her more unhappy, was the difficulty she found in escaping from his castle. If she attempted it, she concluded that there would be a pursuit after her, that she would be brought back and ill-treated in consequence of her rashness. Besides it was risking the loss of our cloaths, which were the only means of subsistence we had left. But fortune stood our friend and delivered us. The Baron, who was always of a savage and cruel temper, having passed from the extreme of brutal insensibility to the softest passion of the human heart, doated to such excess, that he absolutely sickened with love, and was even at the point of death. At the beginning of his illness my mother herself attended him, but he always grew worse whenever she approached him. As she was a woman of an excellent understanding, she noticed this, and took advantage of it. She told his servants that she and her daughter rather retarded than assisted his recovery, and therefore intreated them to procure us horses to take us away, and a cart for our baggage. They appeared rather unwilling to comply, when the Curate happened to come in, and finding the Baron delirious,

delirious, took upon himself to furnish us with what we solicited. Next day we got our baggage, and having taken leave of all the servants, but particularly of the obliging curate, we went to lay at a little village, the name of which I have forgot; but I know it is the place where they sent to seek a surgeon for my mother, who was wounded, when the Baron's people mistook us for gipsies. We put up at an inn, where our real profession was soon known, for I overheard the chambermaid say, we shall now have a play, for here's more of the company come. From whence we conjectured that there was a strolling party here, with whom we might get an engagement. Nor were we deceived, for next day (after we had discharged the cart and horses) two of the actors waited on us; and acquainted us, that a man belonging to the company and his wife had just left them, and that if we were disposed to join them, there was now a vacancy. My mother who was still very handsome, accepted the proposal, and it was agreed that she should perform all the principal characters. For my part I did whatever was given me, for I was not above thirteen or fourteen years old. We remained

here only about fifteen days, for the place was too small to support us longer. Besides my mother was very uneasy to leave it, and get at a greater distance from the Baron. We travelled without stopping for near sixty leagues, and at the first town we played in, the manager of the company (whose name was Bellefleur,) made proposals of marriage to my mother. She thanked him, but conjured him not to think of it, that for her part she was now in the decline of life, and moreover had determined never to enter into the married state. Bellefleur finding her resolution, never pressed her more on the subject. We rambled about for three or four years, and met with great success. I increased in stature, whilst my mother became so infirm that she was no longer able to perform. As I happened to be a favourite with the audience, and very well liked in the company, her cast of parts was given to me. Bellefleur finding it in vain to expect success in his addresses to my mother, demanded me in marriage. She did not immediately give him an answer to his satisfaction, for she was exceeding anxious to get an opportunity of visiting Marseilles. At length finding her dissolution

dissolution approach, and foreseeing the danger I should be exposed to if left without a protector, she acquainted me of the manager's proposal, and necessity obliged me to comply. He was certainly old enough to be my father, but he was a man of a most amiable character. In short, my mother had the comfort to see me married, and died in a few days afterwards. As I was very young, her death afflicted me greatly, but time which cures every thing, restored me to tranquility, and in some time after I became pregnant. At length I was delivered of this daughter whom you see, Angelica, who has already cost me so many tears, and will be the cause of my shedding more, if I continue much longer in this world. As she was about to proceed, Destiny interrupted her by observing, that she had every reason to expect happiness with her daughter, as she was upon the eve of being married to a man of rank and quality. Cave was going to conclude her story, when Leander entered the room and saluted the whole company. He was dressed in a suit of black, and had three valets with him likewise in mourning. From hence it was concluded that his father was

dead. The Prior of St. Lewis immediately got up and took his leave, as I shall for the present of the reader, and finish the chapter.

CHAP. VI.

The conclusion of Cave's story.

AS soon as Leander had discharged the punctillio's of ceremony on his arrival, Destiny told him, that he must condole and rejoice with him in a breath. For if you have lost a father he continued, you have gained an estate and title. Leander thanked him for his politeness, but frankly owned that he was not much concerned for the death of his father, as his great age and infirmities had made him long expect it. Nevertheless, he said, it would be improper for him to make his appearance on the stage so soon, and in a place too where he was so well known

known. But added he, if you give me leave, I will continue in the company without performing till such time as I am farther from home. His request met with general approbation, and immediately after, Stella asked him his title, that she might not in future be guilty of rudeness whenever she had occasion to address him. Leander replied, my father's title was Baron de Roche Pierre, which now I am at liberty to assume. But I intreat you to call me still Leander, there is a magic in that name which neither titles or wealth can confer, for it was the one my Angelica knew me by, when she first made a return to my passion. That is the name I am determined to bear, whilst I exist, both for the cause I have assigned, and in order to convince you that I am determined to fulfil the engagement I made at parting. A thousand soft things passed between him and Angelica, but they never were particular in relating them, and I am not sufficiently in love to consult my imagination on the occasion. Leander informed the company, that he had settled all his affairs, and moreover that he had got six months rent advance from his tenants, which amounted to six thousand livres and that he had brought it with

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L 6 him,

him, in order to supply them with every thing. The poor comedians were at a loss for words to thank him for his bounty. When Ragotin who had been hitherto silent, got up, thinking he had now got a rare opportunity of advancing himself. He told the company that they need not be uneasy at Leander's declining to perform, for that he would undertake his parts, and engage to fill them to their satisfaction. But Roquebrune, who was like his evil genius, took him by the shoulder, and pointing to his figure, exclaimed, don't you think ladies and gentlemen that this is an admirable fellow for a hero. This sarcasm of the poet's was so pointed, that there was a general laugh at poor Rapotin's expence, however Destiny told him he would consider of his proposal, and in the mean time asked Cave to finish her story, and that he would send for the Prior of St. Lewis to hear the conclusion. But she told him there was no occasion, for that she had only a few words more to add, and then resumed her story as follows. I think I left off at the birth of Angelica, I likewise told you of the two actors, who came to join the company, but did not mention that one of them was Olive, and the

the other, a person who soon after quitted us, and whose place was filled by our poet. Behold me now at the most distressing period of my life. One day, on which we were to perform the comedy of the Lyar, written by the inimitable Corneille, at a town in Flanders where we then were, a lady's servant who was keeping a place for her, happened to leave it in order to go drink. He was not gone five minutes, when the seat was unluckily taken up by another lady. Immediately after the one for whom it was engaged, came and politely demanded her place. The other replied, that she had got possession, and that she would not budge unless forced to quit it. At length one word brought on another, till they absolutely began to pull caps. However little or no damage could have ensued had the quarrel been confined to themselves. But the male part of the audience interposed, the relations of each formed parties in support of their friend, till the theatre was all confusion, riot, and uproar, which we stood looking at through the curtain. My husband who was to perform Dorante, had a sword by his side, and seeing about twenty men naked, leapt down from the stage, and threw himself between the combatants,

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to try if possible to quell the tumult. Amidst the confusion which prevailed, one of the parties mistook him, and before he was aware, run him through the heart. The instant I saw him fall, I rushed into the croud, and threw myself upon his bleeding body. Angelica, who was then but a child, followed me with shrieks and fruitless tears. The magistrates offered to obtain me justice, but I declined prosecuting a revenge, in the pursuit of which, I wanted means to support me. As soon as I had seen my husband's body interred, we quitted the town, for my part I was so dejected, that I had not spirit to appear on the stage; and, but for the assistance of Angelica, must have sunk under my misfortunes. At length we came to a town in Holland, where we met Mr. Destiny, his Sister, and Rancour. You offered to join us, and we received the proposal with transport. As for the rest of my adventures, the company in general are acquainted with them. Here Cave concluded her story, and shed abundance of tears after the recital. Stella tenderly embraced her, and endeavoured to console her, with the pleasing prospect she had from her daughter's approaching alliance.

alliance. Cave attempted to reply, but grief quite choaked her utterance, and I shall therefore leave her to recover herself, and go in search of Ragotin.

C H A P. VII.

The adventure of the Gibbet. A Carriage arrives full of Nobility.

OUR comedians met with great success in Allencon. As their performance was liked, they had every night, a crowded and brilliant audience. Business was conducted without the least confusion or disorder, nothing went wrong, as Ragotin had not a hand in it, for they took care to give him nothing to do, least the ill fate, which constantly attended him, should make him unluckily spoil it. This the little man took in great dudgeon, for by the by, he had a high opinion of his talents

talents for the stage. There was nothing he ever meddled with, or undertook, but he marr'd by his folly, or his vanity. Rancour, though the most improper person breathing for a confidant, was the only one to whom he'd unbosom himself. To him he'd often complain, and ask if it was not shameful, that a man of his talents, should be treated so cruelly. The other always took care to acquiesce in his opinion, and flatter his extravagant vanity; for he was sure to be paid on the double in treats for his condescension, or he had too much ill-nature, to speak well of any human being. There was a small town about fifteen miles from Allencou, called Beaumont le Vicomte, in which there was a large market every Monday. It seems Ragotin had some money due to him there, and fixed on that day to go there, in order to receive it. He acquainted the company with his resolution, and asked leave to go there, which was granted him. Rancour asked him how he intended to travel, the little man replied, on foot, for as it was but a small distance, and tradesmen walking there every day, who would be company to him, he thought it better to save the price of hiring a horse. Accordingly he went and asked a pedlar who
lived

lived next door to him, and had connections at Beaumont le Vicomte, whether he was disposed to walk there on the Monday following. The other replied, he would, provided Ragotin would set out with him as soon as ever the moon rose, which was about an hour after midnight. Though Ragotin had no great stomach to travel at such a season, yet rather than go without a companion, or be at the expence of hiring a horse he agreed to it. A little before they left home, a poor smith set out on the same road. He had a wallet filled with nails and tools on his back, and was accustomed to follow the tradesmen of a market day, in order to earn a penny by fastening on a horse's shoe, if it should come loose. As he saw nobody either before or behind him, he judged that he had got up too early. Besides, he was seized with a panic, when he recollected that he must pass close to a gibbet, where there was a number of criminals strung up. He therefore stept behind a hedge, and laid his head down upon a little hillock, in order to take a nap, till some one passed by. He had not lain there long, when Ragotin and the Pedlar came up; but as neither of them spoke, they did not disturb him. At length they arrived

rived at the gibbet, which as soon as Ragotin descried,, he proposed counting the bodies that were hanging on it. His fellow traveller, who happened to be a good-natured easy tempered man, complied with this whimsical humour, and accordingly they came up to the gibbet. But when they were nearer, they perceived one of the bodies had fallen down. Ragotin who never undertook an absurdity without being determined to go through with it, asked the Pedlar to assist him to hang up the dead carcass again, which they accomplished without much difficulty, as it was quite stiff and dry. Then having found that there were fifteen hung besides this fellow, they proceeded on their journey. They had not gone twenty paces, when Ragotin, desirous to give a specimen of his turn for raillery, observed, that he had forgot to enquire of the gentleman he had just fixed on the gibbet, whether he would travel with them, or no. He therefore hallowed out, will you join company, Sir? The Smith whom I mentioned before, being only in doze, immediately roused himself, and imagining that it was to him they spoke, cried out, yes, gentlemen, I will, if you'll wait for me. The Pedlar and Ragotin
taking

taking it for granted, that it was the ghost of the criminal who spoke, ran as if the devil was at their heels. In the mean time the Smith continued to pursue them, with his tools and irons clinking at his back; which increased the apprehensions of our heroes so much, that they made a dead stand, quite overcome with terror and fatigue. As soon as the Smith overtook them, the Pedlar knew him, to the great joy of Ragotin, who expected nothing less than death for his presumption. In short, as they were all equally frightened, they were soon reconciled, and travelled in company together to Beaumont, where Ragotin dispatched what he had to do, and next day returned to Allencon. He related the adventure to the players, who were ready to expire with laughing at the recital. In the height of their mirth they were interrupted by the arrival of a carriage full of country gentry. It was a Mr. de Fresney, who was going to give away in marriage his only daughter, and was now come to request the comedians would celebrate the nuptials, by performing a play at his house. The actors told him that they must have time to prepare themselves, and he allowed them eight days. He
and..

and his company then went to dinner, and immediately afterwards set out again. The Prior of St. Lewis came to visit his theatrical acquaintances. Stella told him that he was welcome, for that he had saved her the trouble of sending Olive for him, as she intended, in order to claim his promise; but he did not stand in need of so much intreaty, for he declared, he came for that purpose. The actresses seated themselves on the bed, and the actors on the chairs. They next made the door fast, and left orders with the servant that they were not at home, if enquired for. There was a general silence. Then the Prior related what you will find in the following chapter, if you'll take the trouble to read it.

CHAP. VIII.

*The History of the Prior of St. Lewis, and
the arrival of Mr. de Verville.*

THE beginning of this history must be rather tedious, as it treats merely of kindred and genealogy. However it appears to me necessary, for the better understanding of what follows. I was born in this town, of a good family. Both my grandmothers were women of quality, but being younger daughters, and therefore having little or no fortune, they were married, one to a wollen and the other to a linnen-drapeer. My grandfather by my father's side had four sons, of which, he was the eldest. My mother's father had two sons and two daughters. When she married my father, he was declined in years, and had dropped his business in order to follow the law, which was the cause I had not so ample a provision as I might

might have had. Indeed on my mother's side it was rather a match of obedience than choice. They lived together for several years before they had any issue, at length my mother became pregnant, and having gone her usual time, brought me into the world. I was baptized two days after my birth. With respect to the name I got. it is no way pertinent to my story. I had a rich nobleman for my god-father, who was a neighbour of my father's, and very intimate with him. As I was an only child I was rear'd very tenderly, perhaps too much so, for one of my rank. However as I did not turn out a blockhead when I grew up, I was greatly caressed by every body, but chiefly by my god-father, who had but one daughter, and she was married to a relation of my mother's. She had two sons, one a year elder, the other a year younger than I was, but altogether as clownish and dull, as I appeared sprightly and intelligent. This made my god-father often send for me when he had company, and sometimes he would have the first nobility with him. I sung, danced, and charter'd away to entertain them, and I was always kept so neat, that I was fit to appear any where. He would have made my fortune had he lived, but he

was

was suddenly cut off, on a journey to Paris. At that time his death made very little impression on me, but the loss I sustained by it, has made me often bitterly lament it since. My mother sent me to a college, and I applied to my studies with great industry; but when she saw that my inclination led me to the church, she had me immediately called home, in order to launch me into the world, notwithstanding the solemn vow she made before her pregnancy, of consecrating the fruit of her womb to the service of God, if he would bless her with an offspring. She was quite different from other mothers, who usually take pains to withhold from their children the means of dissipation. For she constantly supplied me with money that I may indulge myself at every public amusement. Nevertheless as I was not viciously inclined I never observed her bounty. I had contracted a strict intimacy with a young fellow some years older than myself, who was son to an officer, and who had two sisters. His father had a house in this beautiful park, which as you may have heard, was formerly the residence of the Dukes of Allencou. All his possessions here, were a grant from the Queen his mistress, on whom the Dutchy
was

was settled, we passed our time in the park with delight and tranquillity. but we passed it like children, without reflecting on the present, or dreaming of the future. I can never call to mind these days of innocence and pleasure without regret; I can never tread the scenes of my early enjoyment without a sigh. When my heart was a stranger to anguish, and my griefs and disappointments like April clouds, soon succeeded and dissipated by sunshine. My friend's father, whose name was de Fresne, had a brother an officer in the King's household, who sent to him for his son, in order to provide for him. Before his departure he came to take leave of me, and this was the first time I ever felt grief. We wept bitterly at separating, I had soon greater cause of affliction, for in about three months after, his mother informed me of his death. I felt this misfortune as strongly as one of my age was capable of, and I went to mingle my tears with his sister on this melancholy occasion. But when time, which can remove the sharpest affliction, had in some measure alleviated this, Mrs. de Fresne, came one day to request my mother would let me go to give her younger daughter some

Some instructions for writing, (she was called du Lis, in order to distinguish her from her elder sister, who bore the family name) she told her that the writing-master who taught her was gone away, adding, that though there were several others, they were unwilling to teach in private houses, and that she did not think it proper for one of her daughter's rank to be seen rambling to school. She begged pardon for the liberty she had taken, but hoped it would be placed to the score of friendship. She concluded with observing, that it might be the means of bringing about an affair of more consequence, meaning our marriage, which they had long determined on between themselves. My mother proposed it to me, and the moment I had dined, I flew to execute her commands, feeling even then a secret impulse actuate me, but which I could not account for, nor indeed took the trouble to reflect on. I was scarce eight days in my new employment, when du Lis, who was by much the handsomer of the two sisters, grew very intimate with me, and would often in rallery call me her little master. It was then my heart first began to experience emotions it was before a stranger to, and it was the same with du Lis. We

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became

became inseperable, and our greatest pleasure was to be left alone, a happiness we often enjoyed. This delightful intercourse continued for about six months, without our ever exchanging a syllable on the subject of the passion which possessed us, except in the language of the eyes. One day I attempted to celebrate her beauty in verse, but as it was my first essay, I failed. I then began to study our best romances and poets, and in reading the works of Marot, I met with the following lines, which I thought admirably adapted to my purpose.

Bright Silvia oft in frolic names
Young Damon for her master ;
And yet the wanton only aims
Then fix his chains the faster :

2

Did she design indeed to bless
She'd not as master greet him ;
The term ne'er makes her pow'r the less,
The like a mistress treat him.

I gave her these verses, and I perceived by her countenance, that she read them with pleasure. She put them into her bosom

bosom, from whence they dropped, and were afterwards picked up by her elder sister. As soon as she had discovered her loss and the person who had found them, she requested her to restore them again, which the other making some difficulty of, she went and complained to her mother, who immediately obtained them for her. This accident gave me great hopes; yet still my family disheartened me. Whilst time thus glided away insensibly, my father and mother, who were far advanced in life, consulted about getting me a wife, and one day broke the matter to myself. My mother acquainted me with the design she had formed of matching me with Miss du Fresne, as I have already related; but my father, being a very worldly man, replied, that, her family was too great for me; and besides that, she had not money enough. As I was an only son, and my father very rich, and as I was likewise heir to my uncle, my alliance was courted by many; but I could think of no one but my dear du Lis. There happened to be at that time troops raising here to march into Denmark, under the command of Count Montgomery, finding myself persecuted and perplexed with the solicitations of my parents to marry, and seeing

no prospect of my obtaining the woman I really loved, I determined to go into the army, and accordingly entered a volunteer, with three of my acquaintances, who set out upon the same expedition. My father and mother were inconsolable at my departure; the latter, in particular, whom grief brought to the gates of death. I did not know what effect it had on du Lis, as I kept every thing a secret from her; but she has since told me. We embarked at Havre-de-Grace, and had a fair and pleasant gale till we came near the Sound, then a violent storm arose, which dispersed our little fleet, and drove the Count's ship, in which I was on board, to the mouth of the river Thames, from whence we were taken by the tide up to London, the metropolis of England. We remained here for six weeks, during which time, I had an opportunity of visiting every thing curious in this vast and magnificent city. Count Montgomery determined to return home, but as I did not choose to accompany him, I asked his permission to take the rout to Paris, which he granted. I therefore embarked on board a vessel bound for Rouen, where I arrived without meeting an accident. I then hired a boat which brought me up to Paris, where I

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met with a near relation, who was wax-chandler to the King. By his interest I got into the guards; he likewise supplied me with cloaths and money, so that I was enabled to rank with several young fellows of excellent families, who carried the musket as well as myself. At this period there was an insurrection of the nobility with the Duke of Orleans, the King's brother at their head; but their rebellious designs were defeated by the vigilance and abilities of Cardinal Richlieu. However it occasioned his Majesty to march into Bretagne with a formidable power. We arrived at Nants, where the Count de Calais was the first who lost his head for being a rebel. This struck such a terror through the rest, that they all applied for pardon, and his Majesty returned peaceably to Paris. He passed through the town of Mans, where my father, notwithstanding his age and infirmities, was come in search of me; for he had been informed by his relation in Paris, that I was in the guards. He applied for my discharge and obtained it. We then returned back to this town, where my father and mother determined at all events to get me married, in order to prevent my rambling in future. I was intro-

duced for this purpose by a relation of my own to a young Lady who lived about three leagues from this, but after an hour's conversation which I had with her, when my cousin asked me how I liked her; I replied coldly, not at all. Not because she was not handsome, or my equal in fortune, but I beheld every woman with indifference after du Illis, who had the entire possession of my heart. I had an uncle, by my mother's side, of whom I stood in great awe. One afternoon he came to our house, and rated me severely, for my contempt, as he termed it, of this young Lady. He told me, that I must visit her again at the approaching Easter, for that it was an alliance my superiors would esteem themselves honoured in obtaining. I was so much intimidated from his manner of speaking, and so harrassed from continual persecution upon the same subject, that I had not spirits to make him a reply. At the ensuing festival, I went, accompanied by my cousin, to visit my intended bride. We staid three days at her father's, during which time there was nothing but feasting and merriment to make us welcome. We likewise went to visit an uncle of the young Lady's, who was curate at a large country town

almost

almost a league from her father's house, where we met with a most cordial reception ; in short, I returned as I went ; that is to say, as insensible to love as before. However it was determined we should be married in a fortnight. Accordingly at the expiration of that term, I went back accompanied by three of my cousins, two lawyers, and an attorney ; but by good fortune, nothing was concluded on, and the marriage was put off till the following Whisuntide ; but the old proverb which says, ' Man proposes, but God disposes,' was verified in the present instance. For my father was taken ill a few days before the festival I have mentioned, and my mother immediately after, and both their diseases terminated in death. My mother expired on Tuesday, and my father the Thursday following. I myself too, was exceedingly indisposed ; however I mustered up what little strength I had left, and went to visit my uncle, for he was confined to his bed by a severe fit of sickness, which put a period to his existence in fifteen days. As soon as decency would permit, my friends spoke to me about the young Lady who had been proposed to me for a wife ; but I would not listen to it, as there was nobody now liv-

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ing who had a right to sway my inclinations: besides my heart lay in this park, where I often indulged myself in a melancholy walk, but more frequently wandered there in imagination. One morning early, before I expected any one was up at Mr. de Fresne's, I passed by his house, and was astonished to hear du Lis singing in a balcony, the old song which has the following repetition an the conclusion of every verse,

Why is the idol of my soul away? ❧

Her well known accents thrilled sweetly to my heart, which fluttered and trembled. I approaching her, as if eager to quit my breast, and seize the part it seemed conscious of possessing in hers. Her presence threw me into such an agitation, that I cou'd scarce open my lips. However, I told her, as well as I could express it, that I hoped she had no longer cause to lament the absence of a lover; and that if she would once more listen to my addresses, she would find me the most faithful and passionate of men. She replied, by inverting the words of the song she was singing,

Behold

Behold the idol of my heart is near.

I intreated her to give me a proof of the sincerity of this declaration, by opening the door and letting me in. This she instantly complied with, and I was received by the whole family with all their former tenderness and affection. Her mother asked me how I could be so cruel, as never to visit them? but owned that she attributed it to the illness and death of my parents; however she advised me not to yield too much to grief, but indulge myself in amusements as usual; and in a word, that I would be always welcome at her house. I attempted to make a reply, but my thoughts were so entirely occupied with my dear du Lis, that I fancy it was too confused for her to make any sense of it. I was invited to come next morning to a milk breakfast, which in this country, you know is thought a high treat; and a delicious one it is, answered Stella; but let me not interrupt you, Sir. The Prior continued, when I was about to take my leave, du Lis's mother asked me, if it would be agreeable to me to accompany her and her daughters on a visit to an old Gentleman, a relation of their's,

who lived two leagues off. I replied, that she would have made me much happier, if she had delivered this as an absolute command, rather than enjoined it as a request. The journey was fixed for next day. The mother rode a mule of her own, the elder daughter rode a beast belonging to her father, and my dear du Lis travelled behind me. I leave you to judge what was our conversation on the road; for my part, I do not remember a syllable of it. All I can tell you, is that du Lis and I parted from the rest of the company to enjoy without interruption those delicate pleasures, which ever spring from sincere and mutual affection. From that time my visits became more frequent, and continued during the whole summer and autumn following. It would be tedious to relate the particulars of what passed at our several interviews. Though they afforded me the most exquisite delight, I fancy few but enamourats, cou'd relish a detail of them. However I cannot help dwelling upon the calm joys I have often tasted under the shade of this forest, when retired from the bustle of company, with the dear partner of my affection. At the time the heat of the sun was scorching and intolerable, we have
sat

fat under the covert of this wood, upon the brink of the beautiful river which divides it. What sweet sensations have I felt as the breeze came wafted fresh from it's bosom, whilst my dear du Lis sat by my side marking the tranquil progress of the stream, dimpling into eddies, and kissing the sedge as it wheeled along. These were the sweetest moments of my life; and even in recollection give me pleasure. One day as I was busied making cyder, du Lis came to enquire for me. I discovered at once by her countenance, that something disturbed her mind, nor was I deceived in my conjecture; for after rallying me a little on my dress, and the situation she found in, she took me aside and told me, that the Gentleman, whose daughter was at her brother-in-law's, had brought another with him, whom he intended proposing to her for a husband, and that she had stole out in order to acquaint me of this. Though I am certain, continued she, I can never countenance his passion, or be brought to yield to such a match, still I would much rather you would contrive some method of diverting him from his purpose, than suffer me to be teased with his addresses. I bad

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her return home immediately, and appear chearful and unconcerned as usual, in order to prevent suspicion, but that she might depend, this new suitor should give her no farther uneasiness after to-morrow at noon. Du Lis was transported at the promise I had made her, and went back immediately. For my part, I abandoned my cyder press to the care of my servants, went home and dressed, then proceeded in search of some particular intimates I had, for you must know, that there were fifteen young fellows of us, who had each his favourite mistress, and all lived in such harmony, that whoever offended one, offended the whole. But what gave the firmest cement to our friendship, was a vow we had made to unite in opposing any one who should attempt to rival us. I acquainted this little party with what you have just heard, and they all agreed to go in search of the spark who came to take away my mistress, and compel him to resign his pretensions. Accordingly we proceeded to his lodging, where we found him at supper, with the person who was to introduce him. We treated him with no kind of ceremony, but told him at once, that if he consulted his safety, he'd decamp immediately, and not
put

put us to the necessity of obliging him to do it. His friend replied, that we were unacquainted with their business here, and that though we did know it, it did not concern us. I then advanced, and clapping my hand to my sword, replied, that I was deeply concerned in the business he came about, and that unless he dropt all notion of prosecuting it farther, I would take care to put a final check to his proceedings. My rival answered, that we were not upon an equality, or I dare not speak thus. I told him, I could soon adjust that matter, then choosing one of my companions for a second, I desired him and his friend to follow me, which they were going to do, but were prevented by the landlord, and one of his sons, who told them, they had much better go about their business, and not meddle with us. The Gentlemen took their advice, and have never been heard of since. Next day I went to visit du Lis, to whom I related the whole transaction. She was greatly rejoiced at what had happened; but declared, that she often repented of having spoken to me, lest what she proposed might expose me to any danger. As winter and the long nights came on, we found our evenings pass very heavy; there-
fore

fore I resolved to give a ball, but first consulted du Lis, whom I found very well disposed to relish the entertainment. I next asked her father's permission and obtained it. The Sunday following we had a dance, and had several more at different times after ; but they always brought such a crowd of company, that du Lis advised me to drop them and think of some other amusement. I then proposed studying a play, which was put in execution. Here Stella interrupted him, and said, now you mention a play, are your adventures much longer, for its growing late, and I fancy supper time is almost at hand. The Prior replied, that there was near as much more at least to relate. It was therefore thought best to defer the conclusion till some other time, in order to give the actors an opportunity of studying their parts. But if there was no such cause to break off the story, the arrival of M. de Verville must have stopt it, who entered the room where they were sitting without interruption, as the sentinel placed at the door had fallen asleep. The company were surprised at this unexpected visit. He assured both actors and actresses, that he was exceedingly glad to see them ;
but

but chiefly Destiny, whom he embraced several times, and moreover acquainted him with the reason of his journey, as you will find in the following chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

*Destiny and Leander resolve to espouse Stella
and Angelica.*

THE Prior of Saint Lewis was for retiring, but Destiny requested that he would stay to supper, adding, that Mr. de Verville, had likewise promised to do him that honour. The hostess was asked if she had any thing good in the house, to which she replied in the affirmative; the cloth was then laid, and an excellent supper served up in a little time after. Several toasts were drank, and every body was in high spirits. As soon as the table was cleared, Destiny asked Mr. de Verville the reason of travelling into these parts. He said, that it was not on account of the death of his brother-in-law, Saldaigne, for whom his sisters were as little concerned as himself; but having some business of consequence to transact at Rennes in Bretany, he had turned out of his way, merely for the pleasure of seeing

ing them. Destiny then acquainted him with Saldaigne's base design, and the success of it; and in short, with all which you have already read upon the subject. Verville shrugged up his shoulders, and declared that he thought he deserved the fate he had met with. After supper he began to contract an intimacy with the Prior, who having drank a few glasses of wine, wished the company a good night, and withdrew. Verville then took Destiny aside, and asked him why Leander was in black, and what was the reason so many servants were also in mourning. Destiny explained the matter to him, and at the same time informed him of Leander's resolution to espouse Angelica. And when do you intend to venture upon matrimony, replied Verville? I think it is full time to throw off the mask, and let the world know who you are, which can only be effected by marriage; adding, that if he and Leander were expeditious, he would wait for both their weddings. Destiny's answer was, that he must first consult Stella; accordingly she was sent for, and when the matter was broke to her, she said she would always acquiesce in the better judgement of her friends. In fine, it was resolved, that as soon as Verville had dispatched his

business at Rennes; which he might do in fifteen days at farthest, he was to return to Allencon, and every thing was to be concluded. Verville then wished the company a good night, and retired to bed. Next day he set out for Bretagne, and immediately upon his arrival at Rennes, went to visit Mr. Garrouffiere. After the usual ceremonies, that Gentleman informed him, that there was at that time, a company of comedians in town, one of which had a strong resemblance to Cave. The day following he went to the play, in order to see this person, but the instant he beheld his face, he was persuaded that he was nearly related to that actress. When the play was over, he went behind the scenes and spoke to him; asked him where he came from, and how long he had been in the company? To these questions he made such replies, as convinced Verville that he was the brother Cave had lost when her father was killed by the Baron de Sigonac's page. This he frankly owned himself, adding, that he had often enquired for his sister, but without success. Verville then told him, that she was in a company of players at Allencon, and that she had had several misfortunes; but that she was now in sight of prosperity, as she had
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a very fine girl a daughter, who was going to be married to a young Lord, with an estate of twelve thousand livres a year. He informed him, that he was to be at the wedding; and that all his sister wanted to compleat her happiness was to find him. The comedian asked Mr. de Verville, to grant him the honour of accompanying him, which the other immediately complied with. In the mean time, he set about concluding the business which brought him to Rennes, which we shall leave him to transact, and return to our friends at Alencon. The same day, Mr. de Verville departed for Bretagne, the Prior of St. Lewis, came to acquaint the players, that he was sent for by the Bishop of Sees, about some affair of importance, but promised upon his return to come and give them the sequel of his adventures. He then set out on his journey, and they began to prepare for their departure.

C H A P.

C H A P X.

*What happened on the Road to Fresnay. A
fresh Disaster which beset Ragotin.*

THE day before the wedding, a coach and some saddle horses were sent to the players. Destiny, Leander, Olive, and the women, got into the carriages, and the rest of the company mounted the horses. As for Ragotin, he rode his own beast, which was now recovered of a lameness it had, and still in his possession, because nobody would purchase it from him. He endeavoured to persuade Stella or Angelica to come behind him, alledging, that they would sit much easier on horseback, than in such a jolting uneasy conveyance; however his politeness was lost, as neither one nor the other would accept of his offer. In travelling from Allencon to Fresnay, it is necessary to pass through part of the forest of Persaine, which lies in the province of Maine. They had not proceeded far in the forest, when Ragotin, who always

ways led the van, hallowed out to the coachman to stop, for that he descried a troop of horsemen approaching them. Though his advice was not taken, in making a stand, yet every man set himself upon his guard. When the horsemen drew nearer, Ragotin declared it was Rappiniere with his archers. Stella turned pale at this intelligence, but Destiny assured her that the villain dare not insult them before his archers, and so many of Mr. de Fresnay's servants; besides, that they were now very near that Gentleman's house. Rappiniere knew them at once, and coming up to the carriage, saluted the actors and actresses. He told them that he was in pursuit of some highwaymen, who, he was informed had taken this rout. Whilst he speaking to the Ladies, a very mettlesome beast belonging to one of his archers, leaped upon Ragotin's horse's neck, which frightened the creature so much, that he fell back with his rider, and got entangled amongst the briars and trees which grew every where exceedingly close. Some of the branches happened to be dry, and one of them unluckily fastened in Ragotin's doublet; as it goaded him severely, he endeavoured to extricate himself by spurring the
the

the horse, but the moment the animal sprung forward, little Ragotin was left suspended in the air, without any thing to support him but the bow of the tree. He roared out lustily for help, but every body was seized with such an immoderate fit of laughter, that not one had power to go to his assistance. At length, when they grew tired, the coachman, who was a strong lusty fellow, took him down. He then got Olive's seat in the carriage, and that comedian rode his horse for the remainder of the journey. Rappiniere continued his rout, and the actors arrived safe at Frefnay. They then sent for a surgeon, in order to have a little sport with Ragotin, whom they had persuaded to think himself desperately wounded. The surgeon, who had previously got the wink, confined him to his bed, and ordered him a regimen; by these means he lost the grand ball which was given after supper. Destiny and Stella danced a sara-band with universal applause. Next day the players performed, and Ragotin ventured out in his night cap to see it. In short, the company were well entertained, and the morning following, after breakfast, were paid, and thanked for their performance. They arrived safely at Allencon,

con, where they met the Prior of St. Lewis, just returned from his journey. He went to visit our comedians, when Stalla called upon him to conclude his story, which he did in the manner you will find related in the following chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. XI.

*The Conclusion of the History of the Prior
of St. Lewis.*

IF a recital of what passed in the early part of my life, (which was one uninterrupted scene of peace and contentment) appeared tedious and uninteresting, how little entertainment can be expected from what follows? a period which furnishes only a series of disappointments and misfortunes. But to proceed. As soon as we were all perfect in our parts, we acted the play in M. de Frefne's house; and though we took infinite pains to keep it a secret, yet it made a great noise in the neighbourhood. The day of the performance, we were crowded with company, though the park gate had been shut in order to keep them out. After the play, du Lis and I opened the ball, and we continued dancing till midnight. So much pleasure did we take in our new amusement, that we privately studied an other play.

play. In the mean time, I constantly visited at Mr. de Fresne's. One day, as we were all sitting together near the fire, a young fellow came in, who was asked to sit down. After about a quarter of an hour's chat, he drew a little case from his pocket, which contained a portrait in wax, very happily executed, which he said, was his mistress's picture. When the Ladies had done looking at it, I took it in my hand, but what was my surprize, when I discovered it was designed for a likeness of du Lis. Concluding immediately that this was some pretender to the woman I loved, I threw both box and picture into the fire, where the little waxen image was melted in an instant. He attempted to save it, but I threatened, if he did not desist, to throw himself after it. Mr. de Fresne, (who at that time had as great an affection for me, as he has since conceived an aversion) swore he'd shew him the short way down stairs. In short, we terrified the poor Devil so much, that he quitted the room in great confusion. I followed him, and told him, that if he had any pretensions to du Lis, he must either resign them, or resolve to determine whose she should be by the decision of the sword; but this he thought proper to decline,

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cline, so I was left in peaceable possession of my mistress. The Sunday following, we performed the same piece we had done before, in a large parlour belonging to one of the neighbours; but we added an interlude to it, which I had invented: the subject of it was, 'The power of Love over the Hearts of the Shepherds.' A cupid first appeared with his emblematical arms of shafts and bow; then the shepherds and shepherdesses entered two and two, dressed all in white, with their garments decked with little knots of blue ribbon, which was du Lis's colour. As soon as they were all on the stage, they formed themselves into a figure which represented the letters of du Lis's name. Love shot an arrow at every shepherd, and scattered flames amongst the shepherdesses; then all kneeled, in token of submission to his sway. I had written some verses which were spoken on the occasion, but I have since forgotten them. In the numberless little amusements of this kind, we beguiled the hours. For my part, as I enjoyed the conversation of my dear du Lis, I thought myself perfectly happy. One Sunday evening we agreed to have a little water party after supper on the river, but resolved to confine it to a select

lect few. I immediately went to engage a boat, and brought it at the hour appointed up to the park gate, where the Ladies were to meet us. Three young fellows, with whom they were slightly acquainted unluckily joined them; and though they attempted several times to shake them off, they had still the rudeness to teize them with their company. As we observed these strangers, instead of landing at the park gate, as had been agreed, we made a sign to them to follow, and rowed to another part of the river. The moment I landed, the first person I met was Mr. de Fresne, who immediately asked, where I had left his daughters? The question was so abrupt, and my meeting him so unexpected, that I was quite confused, and I very simply told him, that I had not seen them that afternoon. He wished me a good night, and went directly towards the park gate. Here he met his daughters, and asked them where they had been at that hour, and with whom. Du Lis replied, we have been taking a walk with such a one, mentioning my name. The old Gentleman, recollecting that he had but just spoke to me, and that I had declared I had not seen them for the evening, gave poor du

Lis a box on the ear, and bid her take care how she told a falsehood again. This made a terrible breach between du Lis and me; she was even for some time before she would admit me to visit her. I certainly behaved very silly, and she had a right to be angry with me; but we are strange unaccountable creatures, and the wisest of us all, are subject to act foolishly at times. Du Lis, I believe at that time loved me sincerely; for my part, her image can never quit my heart, therefore you may readily conclude that our quarrel terminated like the animosities of lovers in general, that is, matters were soon made up without the interposition of a third person, and we grew fonder, if possible, than ever. In a short time after this happened, Mr. de Fresne took me in private one day, and told me, that he fancied I would not be displeased, when he acquainted me, that he and his wife had come to a resolution to give me their daughter in marriage. I was so transported, that I had scarce power to thank him; I was perfectly frantic with my happiness. I told him, that I was always too sensible of my own want of merit, to solicit the honour of an alliance with his family; but he replied, that no objection could

could be made for want of merit, and that as to family, I was possessed of what levelled all distinctions, meaning money. He invited me to supper with him, when the Sunday following was fixed for the wedding. He was going to let me know what fortune he could give me, but I interrupted him; and answered, I wanted none, for that her person and accomplishments were a dowry a Monarch might envy me. I thought myself now the happiest man upon earth; and would not have forgone my hopes to have been made sovereign of the universe. But alas! how often are we on the very brink of felicity, and before we can taste its deliciousness, find the cup dashed from our lips by accident or misfortune. On the eve of our marriage, as du Lis and I were sitting in an arbour, we perceived at some distance, a judge of the presidial, who was a near relation of Mr. de Fresne, coming on a visit. I do not know how it was, but the moment I beheld him, my heart seemed to forbode what afterwards happened. Next day when I went to visit du Lis, I met her father, who told me he had altered his mind since he had been speaking to me, and that he was resolved not to marry his younger daughter till her sister was disposed.

fed off. But at all events it could not take place till his return from Paris. I replied, that acting in this manner would be strictly just, and like a good parent, but that I was persuaded nothing could give Miss de Fresne greater pleasure than her sister's marriage and mine taking place, and that with respect to waiting till his return from Paris, that I would chearfully wait ten years, provided I was certain of being rewarded with my du Lis in the end for my patience. But he brought the matter to an issue at once, by telling me to put his daughter out of my head, for that he was determined never to receive me as a son-in-law. Having made this declaration he left me, motionless and stupified, with grief and astonishment. I tottered home to my lodging as well as I could, and abandoned myself to the blackest despair. I sometimes determined to put an end to my existence, and perhaps would have been tempted to be guilty of this rash action, did not the protecting hand of providence interpose in my behalf. I reflected upon the inflexible and avaritious disposition of de Fresne, and considered at the same time the embarrassed state of my finances, which were greatly impaired by the sums I had lavished in

balls and entertainments. In short, I clearly perceived that it was the decline of my circumstance which caused this sudden change, and that nothing but an increase to them, could purchase de Fresny's friendship. I continued in a state of the greatest anxiety for several days without hearing from du Lis, or daring to visit her; at length she conveyed a note to me, in which she promised to meet me a little after dusk, at a particular spot in the Park, where we had often passed many a delightful hour. How different was this interview from our former. Du Lis met me with tears in her eyes, but soon recovering herself, she said her father's cruelty, both astonished and shocked her; and that though she owed him the duty of a child, she was not bound to be a slave to his injustice and caprice. She observed, that he had already given his approbation for our union, and that as he could not alledge any just cause for denying it now, she did not deem herself culpable for no longer consulting him, and giving me the last proof of her affection by elopeing with me. I took her tenderly in my arms, and replied, no, my love, I will never be the means of involving you in difficulty and distress. I cannot now

support you in the affluence I expected, and though I can never be happy without you, it is much better one should suffer, than both be miserable. Return my dear du Lis to your father, for my part I shall go to a relation I have in Paris, and all I require of you, is to remain single, 'till you hear from me. I could scarce articulate these last words, grief quite choaked my utterance, du Lis wept bitterly, and made the most solemn vow never to marry any other man. We parted, and in a few days after I set out for Paris. I met a most friendly and affectionate reception there, from my relation, who knowing my circumstances to be slender, advised me to get if possible, into the office of a secretary. But the hour I parted from du Lis, I lost all solicitude for temporal welfare, and therefore took very little notice of his advice. I was in Paris for near a year without hearing from her, till one day happening to strole into a Coffee House, I met an old acquaintance from Allencon. After the usual prelude to conversation were over, he asked me, why I did not enquire after my mistress. I candidly replied, that I dreaded hearing too much. He told me,

I had judged rightly, that I ought to forget her, for that she had broke her word with me. I shook like a leaf at these words, my strength quite forsook me, and I thought I should have dropt upon the spot. However, I requested he would let me know the worst. He then informed me, that in a short time after I left the country du Lis was married to a young fellow whose name he mentioned, and who happened to be the only man I had an aversion to. This last piece of news put me quite beside myself, I stamped, tore my hair out by the roots, and vented the most horrid imprecations against her, myself, and the whole world. In the height of my passion, I pulled out a little blue silk purse, which she had wrought with her own hands, and had given me as a pledge of affection, intending to destroy every thing which could remind me of her perfidy. The moment I cast my eyes upon it, all my former days of happiness rushed upon my mind; and affected my fancy so strongly, that I burst into a flood of tears, I held the little purse for a considerable time in my hand, then cast it with great violence into the fire, and stood by till I saw it reduced to ashes. The person who brought this intelligence, was afterwards exceedingly

sorry for having told me of it; but in order to comfort me, he said that it was entirely against her consent she had been married, for that afterwards she wasted, and pined till she died. Extraordinary as you may think it, I confess I felt a melancholy pleasure in what he last related. It made me imagine she had not entirely forgot me, and was a feint proof of her fidelity. From that moment I determined to devote the remainder of my life to the service of God. Accordingly I spoke to my relation, by whose interest I obtained the benefice I am now in possession of. I neither wish, nor expect to be greater, and could I forget du Lis, I think I may be happy. Here the Prior stopped, having concluded his adventures. Stella observed, that he was a faithful lover indeed, for that he had preserved his fidelity, though his mistress had proved inconstant. She was going to proceed, when Ragotin interrupted her, by declaring, that he thought this story would make an excellent play, and that he had a mind to undertake to write one himself upon the subject. This raised a loud laugh at the little man's expence. Roquebrune told him that he was a blockhead, and knew nothing of the matter, for that he could never

never bring it within the compass of the unities. The Prior modestly replied, that some of our best dramatic poets were not the most rigid observers of strict critical propriety, and that when a piece had merit in other respects, he thought a neglect in that particular, should be deemed a beautiful blemish. The arrival of M. de Verville, and Garrouffiere, put an end to the conversation. And I think it high time for me to put an end to the chapter, unless I have a mind to fatigue my reader as much as I am myself.

C H A P. XII.

Verville's return, accompanied by Mr. Garrouffiere. The Weddings of the Actors and Actresses, with some adventures which befel Ragotin.

THE company were greatly surprized at seeing Mr. Garrouffiere, as for Verville, his arrival was expected. After the usual ceremonies were over, Verville acquainted the comedians that there was a gentleman without, whom he would beg leave to introduce to them. He had then Cave's brother called in, and the moment she look'd at him, such is the power of instinct, she could scarce refrain from tears. Mr. de Verville asked her whether she knew him, but she replied, she did not recollect to have ever seen his face before. He desired her to regard him with attention; which when she did for

for some time, she exclaimed, if he's living, it is my brother. He then took her in his arms, and replied, yes my dear sister, it is your long lost brother, whom Providence has restored to you by accident. He embraced his niece, and made his compliments to the whole company, and then assisted at the private conference, which was held upon the two marriages, which were going to be celebrated. They found a great deal of difficulty in procuring a clergyman to perform the ceremony. For as they were not residents any where, it could not be determined to what parish they belonged. But the Prior of St. Lewis went himself to the Bishop, and obtained leave from under his hand, to marry them, when and wherever he pleased. As soon as Ragotin heard of this, it threw him into a profound melancholy. His mind was disordered so much that passing by the great church of our Lady one day, he fancied the chimes rung. Ragotin has drank so much wine this morning, that he is staggering. He flew in a violent passion with the ringer, and cried out, you lie sirrah! I have drank nothing extraordinary to day. I should not be angry with you if you had made the chimes say, that villain Destiny
has

has robbed Ragotin of Stella, for I would have even things inanimate testify their resentment at my grief; but to tell me I was drunk. However I'll be revenged. He then rushed into the church and never halted till he mounted up to the person who was ringing the chimes. He called him a rascal, a puppy, and an impertinent scoundrel for suffering his bells to speak so disrespectfully of him. But the noise prevented the man from hearing him, which Ragotin taking for contempt, came up, and gave him a violent blow with his fist upon the back. The man finding himself assaulted, turned about and seeing Ragotin, asked him what the devil brought him there, and why he had struck him, and as he was not of the most passive disposition, he accompanied his interrogation with a kick on the breech, which threw Ragotin against one of the boxes through which the ropes of the bells pass, and cut his face terribly. He swore like a little fury, and scampered down stairs in a trice. He then crossed the church and went in search of a justice, in order to complain of the insult he had received from the ringer. The magistrate seeing him all bloody, easily gave credit to his deposition; but when he was informed

formed of the cause of the dispute, he laughed very heartily, concluding that the little man was out of his senses. But in order to satisfy him, he sent a servant for the ringer, and asked him how he dared to insult this gentleman, (meaning Ragotin) with his chimes. The man very simply replied, that nothing was farther from his thoughts. But that when he came and struck him without any provocation, he had given him a jostle, which threw him against the staircase, and cut him. The justice desired him to be more circumspect another time, and not to let his passion get the better of his understanding. He then turned to Ragotin, and advised him not to be in future so apt to credit his imagination. The little man returned home, but never opened his lips of his adventure. However it soon transpired, and was ere long the laugh of the town. The time appointed for the marriage being arrived, the Prior of St. Lewis conducted the parties to his own church, and after the ceremony was performed, the company retired to pass the rest of the day in feasting and merriment.

CHAP. XIII.

*Ragotin's Despair, and the Conclusion of the
Comic Romance.*

RANCOUR now found that he had no more hopes of succeeding with Stella than Ragotin. One morning he got up very early and went in search of the little man. He found him in his chamber, writing, and when he asked him what he was about, Ragotin replied, composing my own epitaph. Whimsical enough, upon my soul, replied Rancour, for my part, I never heard of an epitaph being written for a man till he was dead. And what's more extraordinary, is that you should compose it yourself. It may be strange, says Ragotin, but it's true, and you shall hear it. He then opened the paper which he had folded, and read these lines to him:

Under

Under this stone poor Ragotin lies,
For years a slave to Stella's bright eyes;
He woo'd in vain, yet Destiny's art
Stole in a moment her yielding heart.
Hence in despair his spirit took flight,
And sail'd adrift to the realms of night.
He went on the stage, in hopes that
way to move her,
Now the curtain is dropp'd, his acting
is over.

Rancour passed the most extravagant encomiums upon this composition, but observed that there was one disadvantage attending it, namely, his never being able to read it upon his own tomb. Ah, replied Ragotin, you have been the source of all my misfortunes, for you were privy to every thing, and yet gave me hopes to the last. Rancour swore that he knew nothing for certain, but acknowledged that he all along suspected; adding, I imagined the profession she followed would have cured her of her vanity, but I must confess, that there is not perhaps a more modest and reserved woman in the kingdom. He then informed him how he had long had a passion for her himself, but

but that since his hopes were now defeated, he was determined to quit the company; especially as he expected to be dismissed now Cave's brother was come, and travel to Rennes where he was certain of an engagement. Ragotin told him it was no wonder he had not spoke for him, when he was so much in love himself. But Rancour swore he was a man of too much honour to treat his friend so badly, and that he never missed an opportunity of pleading his cause. So you are determined, says Ragotin to quit the company. I have taken the same resolution too, but mine is a more desperate one, for I intend abandoning the world at the same time. Rancour imagined that he meant to shut himself up in a convent, and therefore took no farther notice of him or his epitaph. When Ragotin found himself alone, he began to think of the best method of dispatching himself. He took up a pistol, and loaded it with a brace of balls, but afterwards laid it by, prudently concluding it would make too great a noise. He then drew his sword, and fixed the point to his breast, but the first prick it gave, he dropt his design of running himself through the body. At length he went into the stable whilst the servants were

were at breakfast; he then took a rope, which he found tied to the pack saddle of a carrier's horse, and fastening it to the rack, fixt it with a noose round his neck, but when he came to make the experiment his heart failed him, and he waited till he saw a strange gentleman come in; he then threw himself off boldly, but took care to keep one foot upon the manger. Presently the ostler comes to get this gentleman his horse, but when he perceived Ragotin dangling from the rack, he raised a terrible outcry, and brought the whole family about him in a trice. They cut him down, and used every method to bring him to himself, which by the by, was no very difficult matter. He was then asked the reason of this rash action, but they could not get a word out of him. Rancour took Stella on one side, and explained every thing to her, and had even the impudence to mention his own passion; she made him no reply, but left him abruptly to his meditations. Some time after Ragotin acquainted the company, that he had formed a resolution to return to Mans with Mr. de Verville. This was universally assented to, and he and that gentleman set out next morning early on their journey. When they were
leaving

leaving the inn, Verville asked the ostler, whether he had watered the horses, the other answered that it was too early, but that he might give them a drink as they were passing the river. Our travellers then put spurs to their horses, and as soon as they had crossed the bridge rode down to the water side. Ragotin proceeded first, but happening to go in where the bank was broke off, his horse stumbled, and threw him over his neck into the water. The place was very deep, and as the little man could not swim, encumbered as he was, with his cloak, his carbine, and sword, he was sunk immediately. One of Mr. Vervill's servants undressed and went to his assistance, but when he brought him out, he was stone dead. In the mean time Verville sent to advertise the players of what had happened. They all came directly to the river's side, and having tried every method in vain to recover him, they interred his body in the church-yard of St. Catharine's Chapel. Thus ended the life of this little whimsical lawyer, whose adventures, disasters, and misfortunes will be remembered by the Inhabitants of Alencon, and Mans, as long as the admirable acting of this excellent company.

Roquebrune

Roquebrune when he saw Ragotin was dead, observed, that his epitaph must be alter'd, and accordingly made the following change in it:

RAGOTIN'S EPITAPH.

Under this stone poor Ragotin lies,
For years a slave to Stella's bright eyes;
He woo'd in vain, yet Destiny's art
Stole in a moment her yielding heart.
Hence in despair his forsaken spright,
Sail'd without boat to the realms of
night.

He went on the stage in hopes that way
to move her,

Now the curtain is dropp'd, his acting
is over.]

The Actors and Actresses returned to their apartments, and continued the exercise of their professions, with the usual approbation.

F I N I S.